

THE AMERICAN  
**LEGION**  
MAGAZINE

MAY  
1943

LEGION BON  
BELLY



**U. S. RANGERS** . . . Hand-picked and especially trained, they're a swift-moving, hard-hitting outfit. Here's one in his "business-suit," camouflaged and invisible at thirty feet.

*But there's no hiding*  
**Chesterfield's MILD  
BETTER TASTE**

Here's real smoking ammunition tucked in the pockets of our fighting men, ready for instant service. Where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfield serves smokers well with its *Right Combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

For Mildness . . . for Better Taste  
and Cooler Smoking . . . make your  
next pack . . .

**CHESTERFIELD**  
RECOGNIZED EVERYWHERE  
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES SMOKERS  
WHAT THEY WANT



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TOBACCO CO.

DON'T HIDE YOUR DOLLARS ★ ENLIST THEM WITH UNCLE SAM ★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

# WAR BONDS and YOU...

By **HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.**

*Secretary of the Treasury*

THE chief of a Government Department gets to meet a number of people, and one of the individuals I had occasion to meet not so long ago put this question to me. "Mr. Secretary," he said, "I have read a good deal about the subject of war—in fact, I was in the last one myself—but this is the first time as far as I know that a Government has ever asked its people to finance a war by purchasing bonds out of current income, by making every pay day bond day. What is the point of this, anyway?"

For a moment, I confess, the question had me nonplussed. My first impulse was to blurt out, "to pay for the war." I realized, however, that my questioner was not to be put off so easily. He didn't want to know *what* is done with the money; he really wanted to know *why* what is done is done.

I first realized how good a question this really was when I attempted to

answer it. I have since wondered how many other people have been troubled by the same question.

While there have been many wars, too many wars, in the course of history, not until this war did a government ever exhort its people to join a voluntary payroll deduction plan and invest at least ten percent in War Bonds every pay day. And not until this war has a government urged its people to save, save again, and then save some more. No, this is undoubtedly something new, an innovation of this war, as my questioner was quick to point out.

Wars today are unlike those of the past, particularly of the distant past. When kings or princes many centuries ago decided to make war, they built up a war chest from which they equipped their troops and secured supplies. For the most part, however, armies lived off the land. Troops from time to time descended like a swarm of locusts on a

peaceful community, and without so much as a by-your-leave, ate its food, were quartered in its homes, commanded its hospitality, and then moved on to another community to repeat the performance. Most people went about their daily tasks in wartime much as they did in peacetime. Aside from the disturbance caused by the uninvited and unannounced visits of contending armies, war for the most part caused hardly a ripple on the surface of affairs.

How different the wars of today! Troops raised by the millions. Millions more torn from civilian pursuits of peace and transformed overnight into a mighty army of war workers. War front and home front coalesced in a single all-embracing front to wage total war. The whole nation an embattled fortress. War no longer the luxury of idlers, but a necessity of free men. War no longer waged with the surplus society can spare, but with all society can bring to bear.

Precisely because war is not what it  
(Continued on page 36)

**\$750  
War  
Bond**

National Commander Waring has called upon all Departments and upon all Posts to increase activity in the sale of War Bonds and Stamps. Special campaigns are urged, such as those so successfully carried on by the Departments of Georgia, Oklahoma and Arkansas.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS TEN YEARS HENCE



HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



IT'S AN ILLUSTRIOS family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it . . . heads it unmistakably.

ONE TASTE WILL  
TELL YOU WHY

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is 100% engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.



BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.



# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



May, 1943

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## The Message Center

ON PAGE 22 of this issue Frederick Palmer tells you something about the "comers" of 1918 who are writing history today in directing our part of the United Nations war effort. Colonel Palmer, having known war at first hand since the middle nineties, in all parts of the world, including the present conflict, has seen the development of the men of whom he writes in this issue. The soldiers all pay tribute to the great leadership of General Pershing and the naval officers to the character and ability of the late Admiral Sims.

Here is a prophecy Colonel Palmer made in *The American Legion Weekly* for June 5, 1925, a prophecy that came true after Hitler rose to power in Germany and the German army found that it could have its way once again. The colonel, who at the time was visiting in Berlin, wrote:

"A company in that German green which we knew at close quarters in France is marching past my window as I write. These soldiers of the new Reichswehr are as rigid as the picked regiments of the German army in the days of the Kaiser's reviews. The Versailles Treaty limits their number to one hundred thousand. Their commander, General von Seeckt, a leader of the old school, must seek quality instead of quantity. He is making the best that hard drill can develop out of picked officers and men. If there were a million of such soldiers as the Reichswehr, sup-

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**IMPORTANT:** A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 54.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine



## THE MAN WHO KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS BUT ONE

INSURANCE agents found Doug Lounds easy to see, but not so easy to convince. "Putting them through their paces," Doug called it.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Doug really intended to buy life insurance—some day. His Prudential man's arguments did make awfully good sense. But Doug kept putting it off.

Then one night Doug's wife threw a surprise party for his birthday. And suddenly, in the friendly joshing about his age, Doug saw the years piling up on him. Of course he felt fine, but . . . maybe now would be a good time to do something about life insurance.

So the next time Doug's Prudential man brought up the life insurance plan they had talked over for the Lounds family, fully expecting to get a kidding, he got a client instead. Doug said okay, signed the application, and dropped in to take his physical examination right away.

At that point, the unexpectedness of life showed up. Doug Lounds said "yes"—but the doctor said "no" . . . and the application was turned down. Poor Doug had to admit he didn't know the answer to that one.

So Doug Lounds now has to build his family's future the hard way and is firmly convinced that the Prudential phrase,

"The future belongs to those who prepare for it," should have an important word added at the end—"today."

### The Best Time to Begin Planning for Tomorrow Is Today

Ever since 1875 it has been the privilege of The Prudential to help people make their family's future more secure.

Through Prudential life insurance, more than eight million farsighted families are today making sure that part of the world of tomorrow will belong to them.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to ask The Prudential to help you do the same for your family . . . today?

*The*



**PRUDENTIAL**  
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA  
HOME OFFICE NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

AS A SERVICE to the government and to you, Prudential representatives sell War Savings Stamps. For victory—buy some today!

# Bus to Berlin

EVERY TIME I take the bus in the morning I think, "I'm going home!"

Going home—*by way of Berlin*.

Not for the fun of it, but because that is the way we all must go.

Tom's on *his* way, too—he's going by way of Iceland, and Ireland, and Casablanca.

And I'm on *my* way, too—by way of Elm Avenue, and Main Street, and the Boulevard, to Gate 10 every morning.

For my job in a war plant, and Tom's job in the war itself, are just different parts of the same journey.

It's the *long way* to go, but it's the *only way*.

For home, you know, isn't just a place and a roof.

It's love, and security, and freedom from fear and want and drudgery, and freedom itself!

So I don't count the miles any more, I just count the stops—on the way to Berlin and Tokio.

Because the roads to Berlin all lead home again!

NOT ALL of our progress on the road that leads to Berlin and Tokio, and back home again, can be measured in terms of miles

or military objectives—though these are the payoff.

The performance of a single worker in a war industry, or the discovery of a single scientist, is real progress.

Or the production of a single company. General Electric produced a billion dollars' worth of war products in 1942!

Or new problems solved—research in electronics, metallurgy, plastics, television, or incandescent and fluorescent lighting.

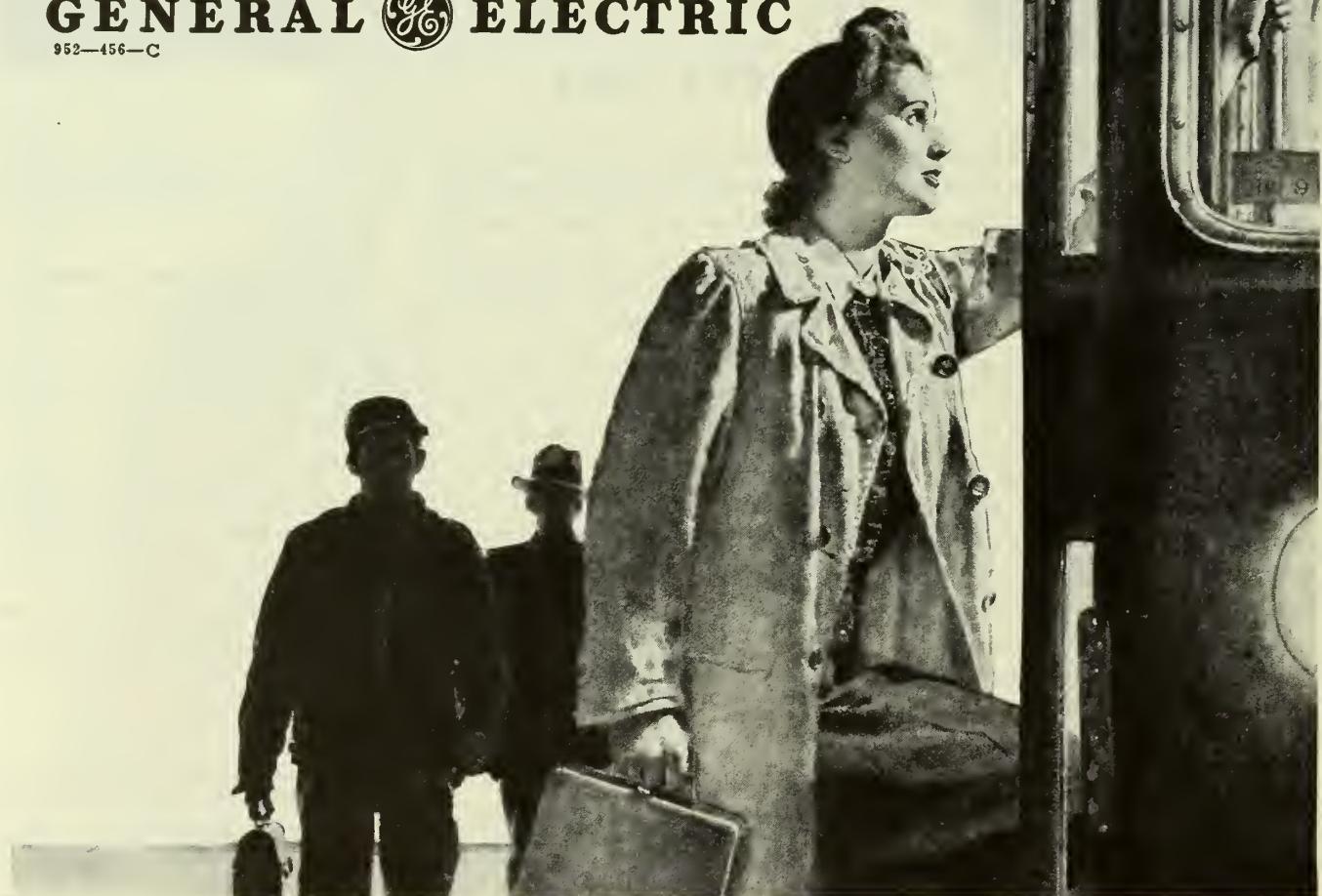
For these are things which will shorten the miles, and lengthen the distance between stops, for the boys who are going to Berlin and back.

And they lead to job, and home, and freedom, and opportunity, in a better world tomorrow. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

*The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.*

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-456-C





# News Doesn't Stay Hot

By ERLE SMITH

There's more to this job of broadcasting news than you might imagine, what with perfect strangers calling up to pass on hot news tips. In the nine years Legionnaire Smith has been newscasting for Station KMBC of Kansas City, Missouri, he's written some 17,300 scripts for a word total well above 35 million

Illustrated by S. T. SMITH

IT'S three minutes to three. I'm about to switch off the 'phone bells to go on the air, when it rings.

Pete, the dispatcher at fire alarm headquarters, says a taxi has just overturned on Woodswether Road in Kansas City's Central Industrial District, and is burning.

"The man who called us says there are three men and two women in the taxi," Pete tells me.

"Okay," I call over the wire. "I'll make a flash of it, and ring you back after the broadcast."

There's just time to pound out a few sentences before I get the buzz from the control room to stand by.

Two more buzzes and I'm on the air.

"Good afternoon, everyone. This is Erle Smith with the latest news.

"And first of all, here's a flash from Kansas City fire alarm headquarters.

"A taxicab overturned a few moments ago in the Central Industrial District.

"Police say it contained three men and two women, and that all are trapped in the flames.

"No other details are available immediately, but we will bring them to you as quickly as possible."

Four minutes and twenty seconds later, I've signed off, and I'm back on the phone, this time calling the police dispatcher.

"Yes," he says, "five persons were rushed to the General Hospital."

I ring the receiving ward.

The clerk says three of the victims are dead—the driver and the two women.

The other men can't live long.

No, there are no identification marks—clothing destroyed.

I dash off those details and buzz the control room to get the air for another

flash—when my telephone rings again.

The voice is that of a boy, and he's frightened.

"Was that a Checker cab . . . the one that burned?" he asks.

I tell him yes.

"Then I know who was in it," he sobs. "The driver was dad's pal—"

And the boy gives me the names of the driver, his dad, the other man, and the two women. Gives me their addresses, too.

I mumble something in the way of saying how sorry I am. There's a click on the line and the boy is gone.

Quickly I rewrite my flash and put it on the air.

The whole story—from beginning to end—is cleaned up in exactly eleven minutes.

The police department calls for the names.

So does one of the local papers.

And that's radio news—the fastest news the world has ever known—for the reason that it uses radio, the speediest of all communication devices, not only to tell, but also to gather the news.

You see—I tell the news my listeners tell to me.

I'm the new short circuit in town-crying—I'm a one-man news

team—the catcher, the pitcher, the batter—all the rest.

I enter a myriad of homes four times a day through a radio loudspeaker.

I'm an invited guest or they wouldn't let me in.

I'm a household word—a friend who's trusted and depended on because I bring all the news I can—good or bad—and nothing else.

Being a vendor of radio headlines my  
(Continued on page 46)

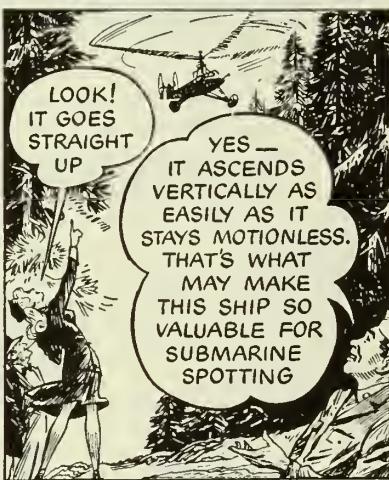


"As I watch, out plop three parachutes—and I wonder if that's all"

# Hovering Plane New Jinx For Axis Subs!



WELL,  
PRINCE ALBERT  
MADE HISTORY,  
TOO, WITH ITS  
NO-BITE MILDNESS  
AND BETTER  
TASTE



YES —  
IT ASCENDS  
VERTICALLY AS  
EASILY AS IT  
STAYS MOTIONLESS.  
THAT'S WHAT  
MAY MAKE  
THIS SHIP SO  
VALUABLE FOR  
SUBMARINE  
SPOTTING

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



— AND FOR  
EASY ROLLING.  
PA. HUGS THE  
PAPER — SHAPES  
UP FAST AND  
FIRM!



# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

## THE MESSAGE CENTER

(Continued from page 2)

ported by artillery, aircraft and gas, we might look for war very soon on the Polish frontier. It is Poland, not France, toward which German eyes are turned as the first step in the recovery of German territory. Germany wants Silesia and Danzig back. She thinks that she ought to have them. One day she means to have them, if not by negotiation, then by force."

**I**N THE February issue Legionnaire I. A. D. Rathbone IV told you about the work of the U. S. Navy's Seabees, as the Construction Battalion is called, in various parts of the world. With the story, titled *The Navy's Battling Builders*, we used the insignie of the Battalion, a flying bee which is handling simultaneously a spitting tommy gun, a wrench and a carpenter's hammer, to illustrate the Corps' motto, "We defend what we build." Not until after the magazine had been distributed did Mr. Rathbone learn that the design was drawn by Frank J. Iafrate, who was the first captain of the S. A. L. Squadron of Joshua K. Broadhead Post of Providence, R. I. Young Iafrate is in the Navy.

**T**HROUGH the kindness of Colonel Charles A. Ranlett, Inactive Reserve, Army of the United States, we are privileged to reproduce herewith the front page of the *The Bounding Billow*, which recounted for the men of the Navy

### THE BOUNDING BILLOW.

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMERICAN INSP. O. W. R. S. M. D.

Published at intervals on U. S. F. S. Olympia | MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, JUNE, 1898 | VOL. I NO. 6

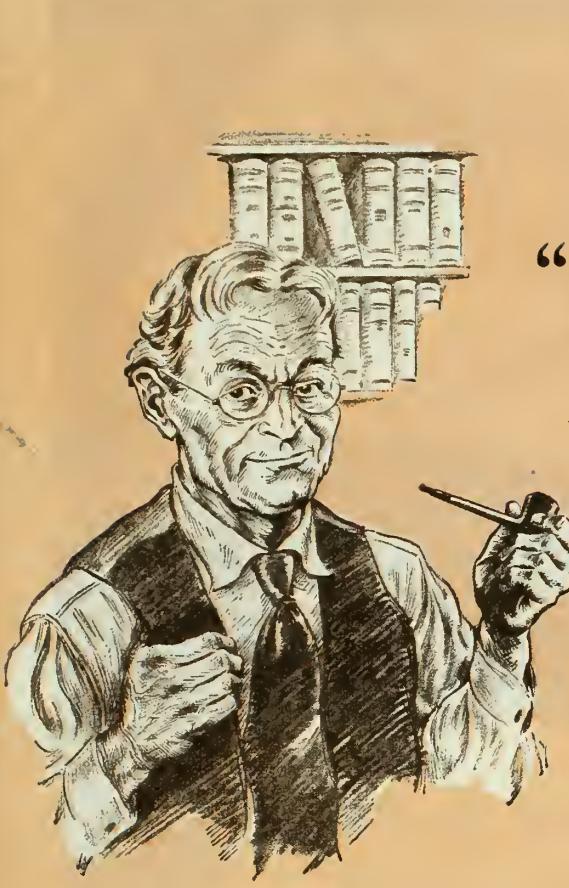
#### THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.



"Toos for Cuba and our honor to avenge our heroes slain.  
That victory wreathed our banner when we fought the ships of Spain."

the details of the historic action at Manila Bay just forty-five years ago this May 1st. Colonel Ranlett, a member of Harold W. Estey Post of the Legion at Billerica, Massachusetts, served as a battalion commander of the 303d Infantry, 76th Division and was later Assistant G-1, Headquarters, Second Army, A.E.F., on Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard's staff. He was born in 1874, but he's still trying to convince the Army that he can do a job in uniform once again.

THE EDITORS.



# OUR TOWN

is in the war zone  
... and fights  
that way!"

"We've got a job to do over there," they said before leaving, "and you folks back home have got a job to do here. Let's both get to work and win this war as quickly as possible!"

"That's why we *are* doing our job here in Middletown—just as if we were right up front there with our boys... helping them in their fight for a decent world to live in... for a way of life which our forefathers bequeathed to us as a heritage to be defended—with 'our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor'."

Men and women in Middletowns all over America are anxious to do everything they can to help win the war. The check list of home front activities listed in the column on the right will help you determine how well *you* are doing your war job today.



*National Distillers, like the rest of the distilling industry, is making no whiskey today. We are doing our war job by devoting 100% of our production facilities to the manufacture of alcohol for war purposes. In modern warfare, alcohol is a vital weapon. It is used for munitions, synthetic rubber, medicines and many other war needs.*

*Check this list  
and ask yourself:  
"AM I FIGHTING THE  
WAR AS IF I WERE  
IN THE WAR ZONE?"*

- I regularly buy War Stamps and Bonds—at least 10% of my income.
- I avoid unnecessary expenditures in order to help prevent inflation.
- I cheerfully observe all rationing regulations and do not hoard.
- I budget my ration points carefully and don't waste food.
- I work where I can do the most good for the war effort.
- I get to work on time and am never avoidably absent.
- I do my best to stay healthy.
- I do my best to avoid accidents, especially if I work in a war plant.
- I watch what I say and spread no rumors.
- I conserve tires and gasoline.
- I share my car with others.
- I travel only when absolutely necessary.
- I carry my own bundles when shopping to save manpower, gas and tires.
- I contribute to the Red Cross and all War Relief funds.
- I save and turn in scrap metal, used cooking fats and other needed materials.
- I do Civilian Defense work.
- I work with the Red Cross or other volunteer groups.
- I am a regular blood donor.
- I volunteer for Nurse's Aide work.
- I pay my taxes on time and in full.
- I do community social service work.
- I am prepared to quietly cooperate with the F.B.I. in apprehending suspicious persons.
- I am planting a Victory garden.
- I contribute books to the men in the service.
- I write to friends and relatives in the service.
- I observe dimout and blackout regulations to the letter.

*This list, of course, is not complete. Every man, woman and child will find many other ways to help. Check this list with your neighbors and find out what they are doing. But get going! Do all you can! And do it now! Consult your local Civilian Defense Council for further information.*

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION

*These famous bottled-in-bond 100 proof whiskies are offered from stocks distilled years before Pearl Harbor*

**OLD GRAND-DAD • OLD TAYLOR • OLD CROW • MOUNT VERNON • OLD OVERHOLT**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY

RYE OR BOURBON

BRAND

MARYLAND STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

PENNSYLVANIA STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY



*Mother's Day...Sunday, May 9th*

Dependable power gives life to the wings of our fledgling flyers. The unprecedented safety record of America's training schools is due in no small part to the unsurpassed dependability of America's trainer planes—many thousands of which are powered with Continental Red Seal Engines.

The mothers of America who have sons in our fighting forces should know that skilled Continental workers have placed dependability above every other feature of performance.

## POWER TO WIN

Awarded to the Detroit and Muskegon Plants of Continental Motors Corporation for High Achievement.



Your Dollars Are Power, Too! . . . Buy War Bonds

Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN



# B U I L D E R S   o f   A M E R I C A

By ROANE WARING

*National Commander, The American Legion*



T

HE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY was once a small group of communities where straight-thinking, stout-hearted men and women with boundless courage lived and worked. Asking only for an opportunity to carve out of the wilderness the kind of country where they could make something *of* themselves, and *for* themselves, they fought a bloody war, and staked their fortunes and property and lives in the cause of Freedom.

They rolled up their sleeves and steadily worked their way westward toward the Pacific, inspired by the realization that whatever progress they could make would be left as a legacy to their sons, and their sons' sons. Sweat and blood and toil, individual initiative, the investment of private capital — that's what built the world's most formidable nation. A nation that doesn't have to take *anything* from any Dictator!

Because they wanted above all to have a free country, these stalwarts made a *Capitalistic* Nation. It ought to stay that way.

But now that the toughest part of the nation-building is over, a lot of people — who ought to know better — have a tendency to shy away from the "Capitalistic" idea. They have heard that Capitalism is a faulty system, reeking with inequalities and abuses.

I think it is safe to say that the people who feel that way are being deluded by critics who have a vested interest in blaming on Capitalism many evils which would be with us under *any* system — and under any system the critics would be as critical. They now lay these evils at the feet of Capitalism

only because they are trying to sell some fancier form of economic system which they think would give them a short cut to a soft life.

The fact is that *any* form of government is only as good as the people who are determined to make it work, and there are always some people that will abuse any system, or any law, or any liberty, if they can get away with it.

Let's be at least as courageous as our forefathers and face this situation. Let's get behind the Capitalistic idea and promote it! Let's understand it as the system of government that recognizes private enterprise, and the right of the individual to labor in his own interests and to take and use for himself the income from that labor. The system under which the farmer with his tractor purchased from the return of his toil is a capitalist; and the mechanic who owns his own tools. They are capitalists living under the protection of a capitalistic form of government, no less than the banker or the owner of a railroad. Capitalism recognizes the right of the individual to take and to use the fruits of his labor in the furtherance of his own undertakings.

Let's be proud of our system — God knows we have a right to!

Capitalism is the kind of system that has made America the greatest and most powerful nation on earth. A nation of unlimited opportunities, where every man can start with an equal chance, advance as far and achieve as much as his own ability and brain and strength and energy can carry him.

And that is more than anybody can say for *any* other kind of government!



*This is the first of a series of editorials by the National Commander dealing with current American problems.*



# JACKPOT GUERRILLAS

By Hal Mills

A tribute to the irregulars of China, whose activities behind the Japanese lines have done more than anything else to save western Asia for the United Nations

THE sharpshooting, daring guerrillas of China have done more toward preventing all of China—and of course India as well—from falling to the Japs than all other forces of that country, including the Chinese armies of more than 6,000,000 men and the unceasing activities of dare-devil American flyers and the deeds of the less-experienced air fighters of China.

The Japs fear the irregulars because of the deadly toll they have taken and also for the reason that they strike swiftly and without warning, then disappear as if by magic, only to swiftly strike again.

Who are these guerrillas and how do they manage to exact such a heavy toll in Jap lives with a minimum loss to themselves? They are chiefly Chinese farmers, although they include many college graduates, professors, bankers, lawyers, office employees and other types of patriotic Chinese willing to face death for their country. Their equipment is a mixture of old and new, some of them having modern Jap rifles and pistols.

They are to be found on the outer fringes of all parts of Jap-occupied

China, being particularly strong in numbers in and around the large port cities, such as Shanghai, Nanking, Chekiang, Hankow, and Canton.

It is impossible to determine just how heavy have been the losses inflicted upon the Japs by armed guerrillas through Occupied China, but in the Shanghai area alone it has been estimated that fully 25,000 Japs have been killed or wounded by guerrillas since August of 1937, which marked the beginning of the war with Japan. These irregulars really hit the jackpot in killing off Japs.

The Japs craftily try to conceal or minimize their losses but in the Shanghai area the many Jap military trucks filled with dead and wounded, brought in each morning from the outskirts of the city, offer mute testimony to the deadly aim and constant activities of the guerrillas.

For a long time residents of Shanghai were puzzled concerning the loads carried by the long line of lumbering trucks, rumbling through the city streets

While the guards were intent on the street brawl he got over the wall and was helped to safety





each morning, but one day a Nipponese truck came into violent collision with a street car at Chekiang and Nanking Roads, the city's busiest street intersection and the best kind of Japs (dead) were spewed over the street, to the great chagrin and "loss of face" by the Nips.

China's No. 1 guerrilla leader is probably Kee T. Chang, who is credited with having slain more than 200 Japs with his none-too-modern rifle. Chang was a farmer until he turned guerrilla. His is a deadly aim and for months, immediately after hostilities commenced, he operated alone in Chapei, which is part of Greater Shanghai, expertly picking off unwary Jap soldiers and so infuriating the Jap military that at one time more than 1,000 Jap soldiers were searching for him.

The Jap price on his head has mounted to 25,000 military yen, dead or alive. That sum is about \$8,500 in United States money. That's a whale of a lot of money in China.

On April 18, 1942 Jap gendarmes in Shanghai captured Chang in a raid upon the home of a Chinese suspected of having guerrilla sympathies. The Japs, however, were not aware of the importance of their prisoner and merely threw him in the notorious Bridge House prison, where scores of Americans were held awaiting questioning.

Prior to being lodged in solitary confinement, Chang shared a cell with J. B. Powell, American newspaperman whose

Illustrated by CARL PFEUFER

feet were amputated while he was a prisoner of the Japs. There were many other American and Chinese prisoners in the same cell, or cage. One American, who was released a few days after Chang was imprisoned, and to whom Chang had revealed his identity, pledging the American to secrecy and at the same time asking his assistance in a daring plan to escape from the prison, contacted other guerrillas after being released and the result was that Chang escaped. So far as is known he has been the only prisoner, foreign or Chinese, to escape from the Bridge House prison. The Jap officer commanding the prison killed himself following Chang's spectacular escape.

It is true that the Japs are shrewd and highly suspicious, but especially in the vicinity of Shanghai they are outwitted nightly by the guerrillas, whose leaders freely enter and leave Shanghai, often disguised as farmers or coolies. These leaders have no military rank, but each leader has anywhere from 50 to 5,000 followers and they operate with a cunning and daring unsurpassed by soldiers of any other nation of the world.

Chang's escape was a daring one. The cell he occupied had been a garage, the roof of which was of wood and about seven feet above the floor. Chang noticed two of the roof boards were loose.

(Continued on page 62)



The explosives in the huge truck blew up the station, killing more than 100 Japs

# Remember *Miguelito!*

By PETER B. KYNE



THE old Marine and his wife had taken a correspondence course in poultry husbandry against his retirement and the purchase of a little farm up in the beautiful Valley of the Moon in Sonoma County, California. So they knew incubating turkey eggs must be turned daily; wherefore he was turning them that Sunday morning while Angie listened to the radio. And he continued to turn them after Angie came to the brooder house to tell him the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor, because he did not want to look at Angie.

For twenty years she had followed him wherever Marines are stationed—Cuba, Haiti, Nicaragua, the Philippines, China and half a dozen home navy yards—patiently awaiting the day of his retirement when they could have a permanent home of their own. He thought now of the happiness they and their twin boys, aged fifteen, had had repairing and painting the old farmhouse and outbuildings, building chicken houses and runs and planting truck and flower garden. Just a year on his own, after thirty years following the flag—and now he'd be ordered back to active service!

He turned the last egg, then took her to his heart. "Poor darling," he said, "I feel so sorry for you. You've always been such a grand Marine." And when Angie cried her heart out he did not know this was not because of what portended, but because he was the sort that cannot feel sorry for himself and it is hard to lose a man like that.

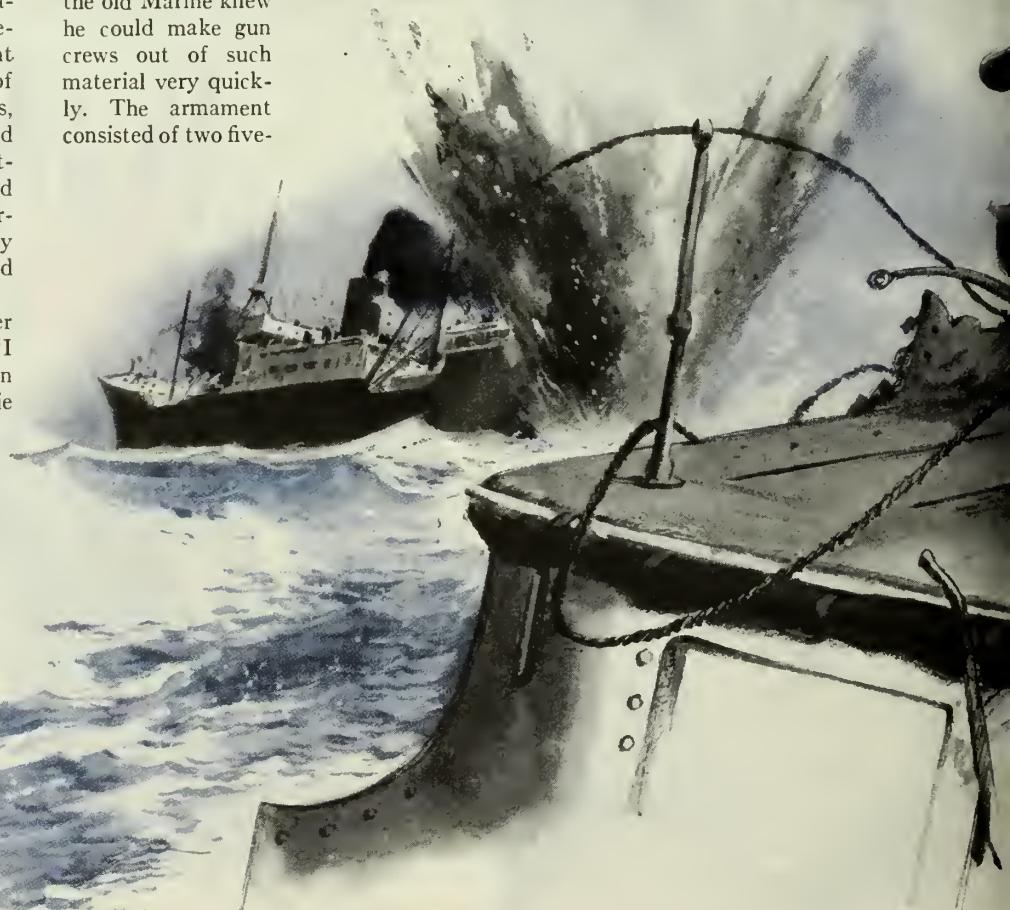
Two weeks later he was on

recruiting duty in San Francisco, which wasn't a bad assignment, for he was a master gunnery sergeant, retired, and had earned privileges, one of which was knocking off at noon on Saturday. Angie and the twins would meet him outside the office in the second-hand sedan and drive him back to the little farm, only forty-five miles distant, and deliver him back on the job early Monday mornings. So he was enabled to keep in touch with home affairs.

In October he was given command of a detachment of Marines told off to serve the guns on the new C-1 Maritime Commission freighter, *Arapahoe*. He was grateful to find one corporal, on his second enlistment, who was an expert machine gunner, and two old gunnery sergeants. The privates were just out of boot camp but they were hearty, intelligent youngsters and the old Marine knew he could make gun crews out of such material very quickly. The armament consisted of two five-

inch cannon fore and aft, two fifty-calibre machine guns on top of the house and a Bofors antiaircraft twenty-millimeter gun on each end of the bridge. These also could be employed for horizontal fire and would be particularly effective in knocking out gun crews on an enemy vessel within their range. He had a 1917 portable field artillery range-finder and fortunately it was accurate within a few yards.

He knew the boots had been properly indoctrinated with the Marine Corps spirit when they took their basic training at Camp Elliot near San Diego, but a little more would not be amiss, so he lined them up on the boat deck for retreat and after retreat told them the story of a fighting cock he had owned in his youth when he was stationed at Cavite Navy Yard and, in his off time,



had become interested in cock-fighting, a pastime very popular with Filipinos.

He had studied the alleged sport a long time before venturing to make a bet and discovered that the Filipinos possessed a bias against white cocks and would always give odds on a black cock opposed to a white one. This bias he considered as unreasonable as the prejudice many butchers have against black cattle or racetrack habitues have against gray thoroughbreds.

So he began betting at the local gallera on outstanding white birds opposed by an outstanding black bird because, not infrequently, he was given odds of three to one. He was lucky and presently accumulated three thousand pesos. He had then taken leave and gone up to Baguio to buy fifty cocks from a Filipino known to breed a very fine strain.

In the back yard of his residence in Cavite he matched these birds, one against the other, and fought them without gaffs, until he had washed out forty-two of them, which, however, he had disposed of at a profit. Of the eight

cocks left one, a white bird, somewhat undersized, was outstanding because he possessed something millions of his kind do not, to wit, intelligence.

Seemingly, he discovered he had to give most opponents a pull in the weights, so he substituted guile for ferocity. He would outstare his opponent until the latter, losing patience, would fly in to the attack. This bird (his name was Miguelito—in English, dear little Michael)—would not fly up to meet the enemy in the air, but would sidestep; when the enemy landed alongside him he would sideswipe him and cut his legs; finally, when loss of blood weakened him and his wounds crippled him, Miguelito would counter-attack and put over such a blitz, victory perched on his banner, as it were.

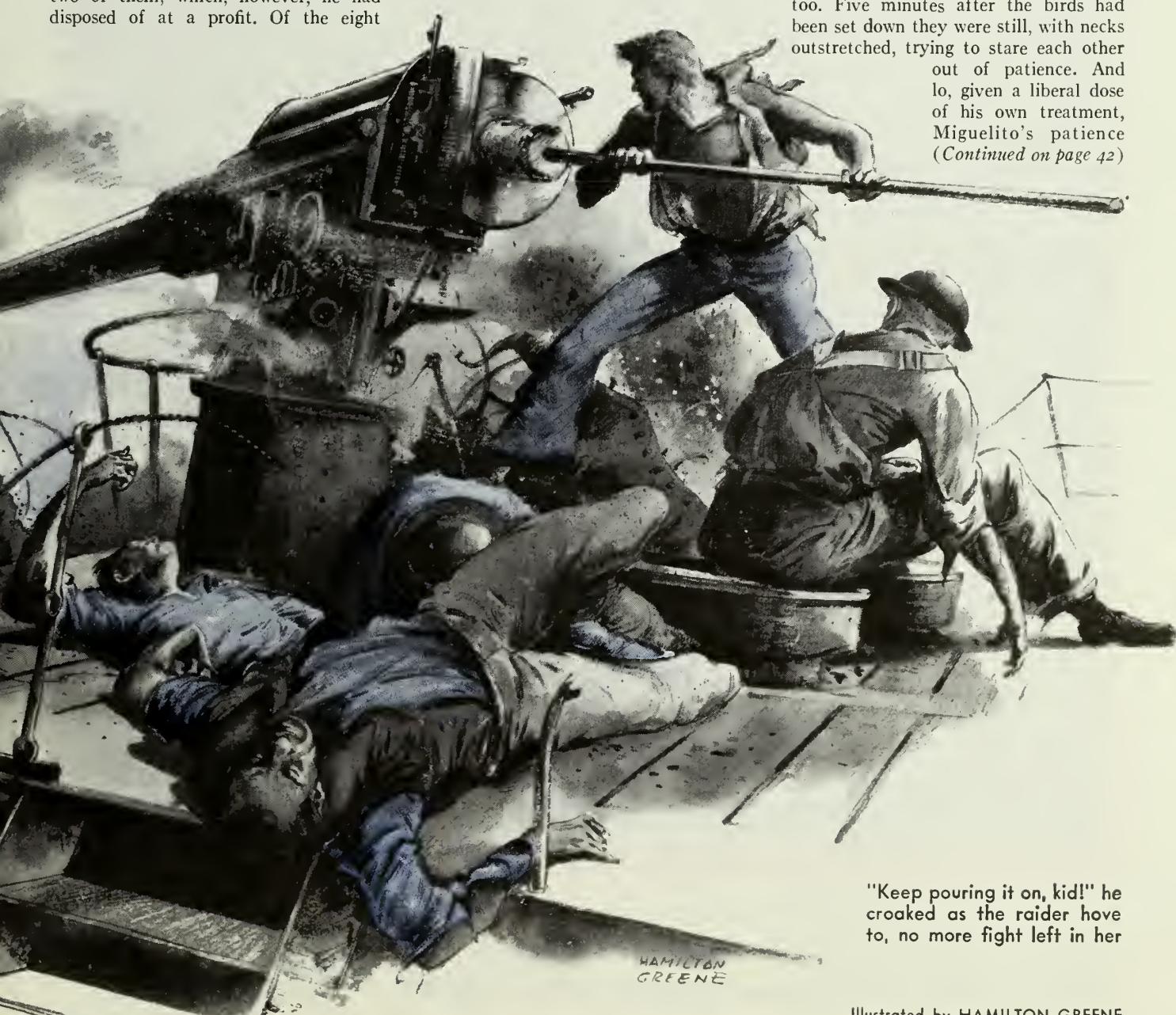
Twelve times Miguelito had won over the best black birds around Manila Bay; then from out of Laguna Province came a Filipino with a black bird known as El Rey Del Monte—the King of the



A wise, tough bird, this Marine master gunnery sergeant

Mountains—and the King and Miguelito met, on a Sunday afternoon, in the Gallera De Paco outside Manila.

Well, the King was a waiter-outer, too. Five minutes after the birds had been set down they were still, with necks outstretched, trying to stare each other out of patience. And lo, given a liberal dose of his own treatment, Miguelito's patience (Continued on page 42)



"Keep pouring it on, kid!" he croaked as the raider hove to, no more fight left in her

# Stand? Or Be Supported?

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

A noted American historian relates Thomas Jefferson and his views on democracy to some of the vital issues of our national life, today and tomorrow

SOME one hundred and fifty years ago there went into effect, on December 15, 1791, the first Ten Amendments to the Constitution which formed our Bill of Rights. Those rights are, or should be, known to everyone: Freedom of religion, speech and press, and all the others on which our forefathers insisted. In general they were aimed at giving the citizen liberty to develop as he could and to protect him from unwarranted interference by Government.

On March 10th last the President transmitted to Congress two reports made by the National Resources Planning Board which he said he considered of "basic importance." We are here not concerned with a discussion of all their contents—one volume alone runs to 640 pages—but only with the new "Bill of Rights" contained in it.

It has long been recognized that, in a democracy, rights and duties must be correlative, and we have heard much, and properly, of the duties of the citizen toward his Government. There are, however, two sides to the picture. In 1791 the citizens demanded, and got, certain rights from the Government, and incurred correlative duties. In 1943 they are being told by the Government, or at least the White House, that they are entitled to a new set of rights. Does it then not follow that it is the duty of the Government to see that they get those rights? From the nature of the new rights to which all citizens are entitled, the whole problem is raised as to what are the duties of a government toward its citizens. The question suddenly posed is of vast importance, for on its answer may depend the future of our theory and practice of government, of our entire economic system, of the American himself, and of the American Dream.

What are some of these new "rights," so different from the old ones?

Among them, the citizen is told, are the right to fair pay, adequate to command the necessities and *amenities* of life; the right to *adequate* food, clothing, shelter and medical care; the right to security, with freedom from fear of old age, want, dependency, sickness, unemployment and accident; the right to

rest, recreation and adventure. There are others, but these are samples. From the words of the President's message it is clear that these do not cover simply the war emergency and the post-war transition period, but are for good and all.

It is perhaps reasonable that having eliminated for every citizen every foreseeable risk in his life, the Government will find it necessary to provide him with some new form of "adventure," but the problem goes deeper than that. What is the duty of a government toward its citizens?

In spite of the lip service given by Democrats to Thomas Jefferson, and what might be called the service charge with which his name helps them at party dinners, his philosophy would seem to be more or less in the discard today. Yet have we improved on the statement in his First Inaugural as to the duties of Government? His words were that "a wise and frugal Government . . . shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned."

IT SOUNDS naïvely simple to many today, but that first clause—restrain men from injuring one another—covers a lot. It is obvious that as population increases, industry alters, and civilization becomes more complex, the specific functions of Government must increase. We need police, fire departments, pure food laws, regulation of—far from partnership in—great industries, and so on. I am not interested here in details but in the broad lines of demarcation between different sorts of duties.

I am in entire sympathy with much of what the vast humanitarian movement which started in England in the last century has accomplished. I would not stop it, but I believe that any humanitarian work, either governmental or private, should be aimed at putting a man on his own and helping him to make the most of himself, and not in coddling him back to childhood. Just as a fussy parent can ruin the passage of a child from adolescence to adulthood,

Illustrated by  
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

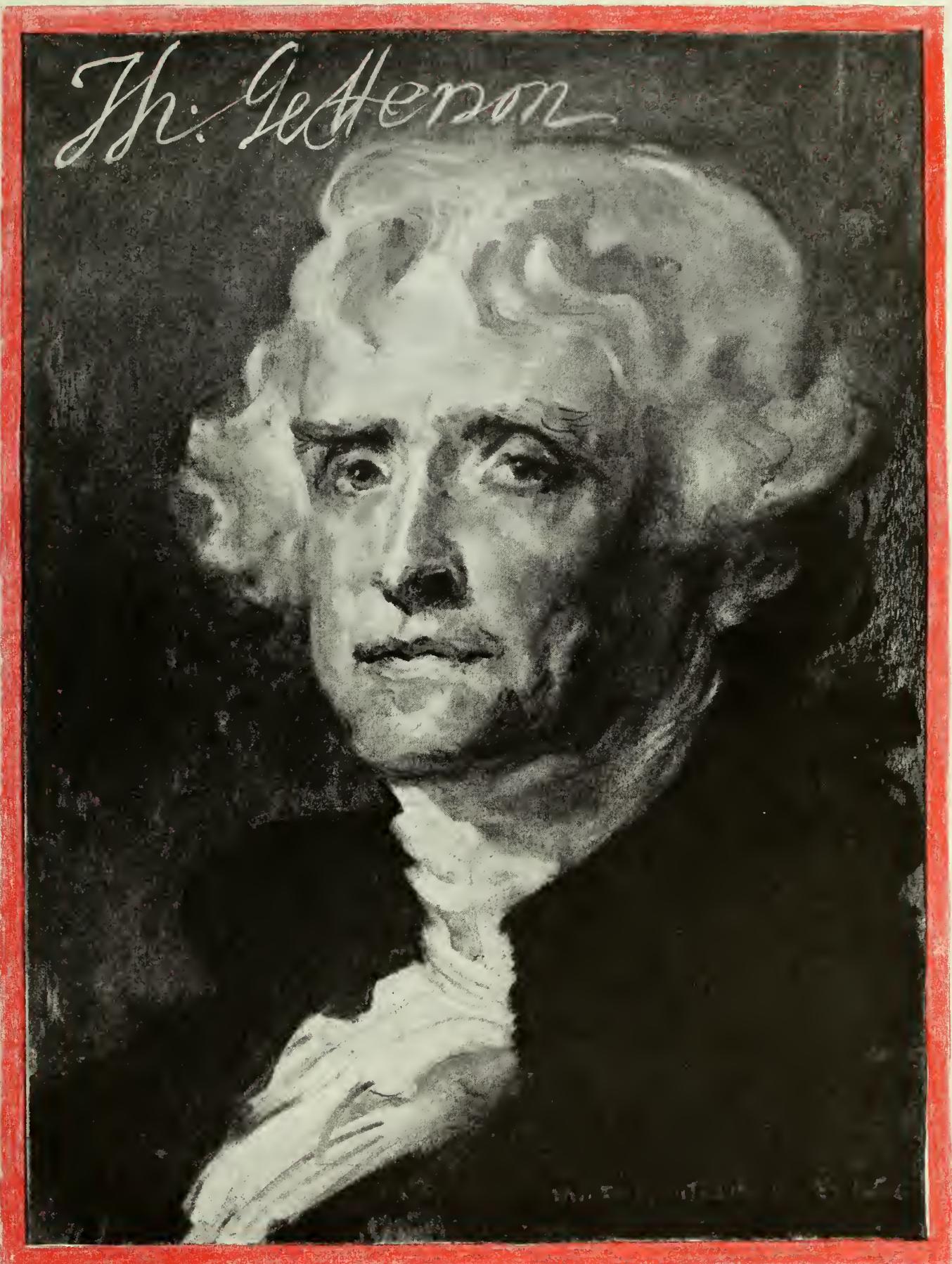
so a nation may ruin the virility of its citizenry. If a citizen is told that every possible want, and even "amenity," including "rest, recreation and adventure," in his life will be provided by government if he does not provide it himself, where do you leave room for that greatest adventure of all, the adventure of making a man of yourself and winning out against odds?

According to the Report, apparently everyone is going to be run, taken care of, and told what to do from Washington. Even the local activities of the separate States are frowned upon. The citizen becomes a minor and a ward of the centralized bureaucracy.

I have just finished writing a book on *The American*, trying to show all the factors (not the historical details) which have made him what he is. I wonder what the waves after waves of immigrants coming here to a land of unlimited personal freedom and opportunity, the pioneers in the West, the men who risked everything for high stakes in mining, oil, industry, railway building, the captains, usually under thirty years old, who navigated our whaling ships, or those who raced our clippers—finest ships of their day in the world—to China, with sometimes \$50,000 wagered on the voyage, and ten minutes difference in time in one case in an 89-days' run, the cowboys on the long drives, or the lads who rode the Pony Express, 240 miles a day through Indian country, with fifteen changes of ponies, and all the others would think of America as planned by the kindly but utterly mistaken N. R. P. B.

WOULD America ever have had the standard of living it enjoys if there had not been fierce competition between private individuals to develop new goods, new markets, lower prices to get markets, and all the rest, and instead we had had a group of bureaucrats in Washington governing all production and consumption, with no incentive other than keeping their jobs, (Continued on page 62)

*Th. Jefferson*



.....A wise and frugal Government which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned"—From the First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1801



Often there is only 18 inches between the crawling soldier's body and curtains of bullets

# Playing for Keeps – in Training

The Yank Keeps His Head Down in Field Maneuvers, or Else . . .

By DON WHARTON

**N**O LONGER will completely green Americans be sent into battle. Before facing the enemy every man will have undergone experiences as close as possible to actual fighting. In our training camps American soldiers are now crawling under machine-gun fire—live ammunition clearing the ground by only 36 inches. For 100 yards these men inch forward toward six ugly guns spitting belt after belt of .30 calibre bullets. Often there is only 18 inches between the crawling soldier's body and curtains of bullets. In the mud and rain and

under the blistering heat of Southern suns the men have to glide across ditches and over gentle swells which bring them a few more inches closer to the deadly spray. Suddenly, there is a blast—TNT exploding in a shell hole a few yards away. The soldier is shaken up, showered with dirt and mud. While he hugs the ground closer the machine-guns keep pouring fire over his head. They never stop.

The soldier comes to barbed wire only six inches off the ground, twists over from his stomach to his back, and shoulders himself under the strands. The belching machine-gun muzzles are now closer—he can feel their blazing heat. If the panting soldier freezes en route the guns don't let up—some frightened men have spent two hours negotiating those hundred yards which calmer ones make in six minutes. Hours or minutes, if the soldier gets jittery and jumps up or even raises up he's dead.

This infiltration course is no stunt concocted by a publicity-seeking camp. It is part of an army-wide plan to inoculate soldiers against the rocks of battle. For years veteran army officers wanted to do this but were stymied by fear of public opinion. For example, if in the summer of 1941 one recruit had been killed crawling under such machine-gun fire the political pressure in and on Congress would have been disastrous. The draft act probably would not have been extended and our whole military training program would have been wrecked.

After Pearl Harbor a few bold officers here and there began injecting

live ammunition into training. Then last fall the Army Ground Forces started drawing up battalion attack exercises using live ammunition—only to run into the old safety regulations. The planners took their problem to Lieut. Gen. Leslie J. McNair, commanding general of the Army Ground Forces. McNair, a real fighter who was the youngest general in Pershing's A.E.F., said "Rewrite the regulations." As a result, every soldier is being subjected to the sights, sounds and other sensations of combat. The basic idea is to risk a few casualties and thereby save thousands of American lives. Recently at Fort Bragg a paratrooper going through the wire under machine-gun fire was hit in the thigh by a ricochetting bullet. He let out an unearthly yell and his whole platoon hugged the ground closer—instead of jumping up in panic. That one minor wound may on some foreign field save 10 percent of that platoon.

Crawling under machine-gun bullets is only part of the comprehensive plan for shock-conditioning. Troops are now maneuvering in the woods and across fields while artillery and mortar shells whisk fearfully overhead toward "enemy" positions. Soldiers are building entrenchments, lying in them while tanks roar across, and then bobbing up to throw "sticky" grenades and Molotov cocktails at the tanks. Men in training are being dived at by planes. Recently one division commander used a light bomber to spray tear gas on his men in the morning and that afternoon had a Taylor cub dive a few yards from them, dropping one-inch firecrackers.



They bob up to throw grenades and Molotov cocktails at the tanks

Our troops are racing through tough blitz courses, swinging across creeks on ropes while TNT explodes beneath them, firing at surprise targets which bob up close by—firing real ammunition, not blanks. They are learning first hand about booby traps—I saw one infantryman explode four in less than a minute of clumsiness. The soldiers who two years ago complained of maneuvers with dummy guns are now stalking snipers in deep forests while trained marksmen send bullets crashing around them. At Fort Benning infantry officer candidates are not only firing 81 mm. mortars but coming up close to the target, lying behind log barricades, observing the explosions. This past winter, a general, watching this exercise to see if the men were close enough to the exploding shells, was surprised by a fragment dropping at his feet.

Every camp is beginning to practice street fighting in "enemy" villages. At Fort Benning the German village, complete with stores, houses, a school and even a mayor's home, stretches for a quarter of a mile along two avenues criss-crossed by several streets. Infantry officer candidates practice taking the village from other members of their company stationed in key buildings. The attack is synchronized with machine-gun fire sweeping down the streets. While squads are taking one group of buildings the machine-gun keeps the enemy down. Then an officer candidate signals, the machine-gun fire lifts, and the men rush the buildings across the street. This is grim business—a missed signal would mean half a squad wiped out.

At Camp Gordon Johnson on the Gulf of Mexico divisions undergoing amphibious training tackle a village named Schicklgruberhaven. Streets are littered with discarded automobiles. Troops work their way into the village amid exploding TNT showering them with mud and filthy smelling water. They build up a firing line behind a barricade only to have TNT explode at their backs. While this line pours bullets—real ones—into upper stories other troops rush through the first floors.

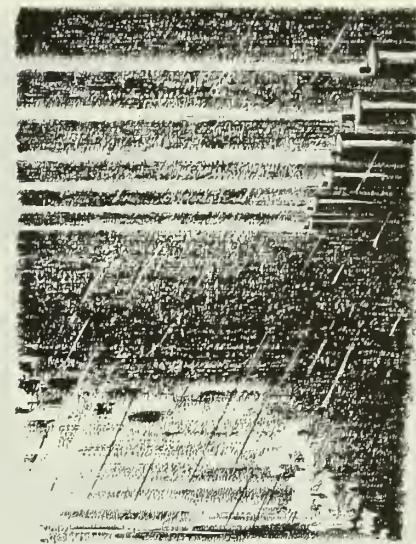
When the paratroops tackle their village in Alabama it is after jumping from planes with full packs, swimming creeks,

and fighting for three hours across five miles of rough country. In North Carolina the paratroops jump, collect their machine-guns, mortars and ammunition, move for ten miles on a compass course through swamps, TNT and barbed wire, crawl under machine-gun fire, and then assault an enemy village with live ammunition.

The paratroops tackle everything with the vim which spells victory. In breaking through "enemy" wire they crawl up close, with dynamite exploding all around them. Then two paratroopers spring up, run crouching forward, and slam-bang with all their weight into two posts holding the wire. A split second behind this pair come two more paratroopers who throw themselves, hands across faces, onto the wire itself—between the tottering posts. The other paratroopers then use these men's backs as stepping stones.

A few weeks ago one airborne division put their Engineers in jeeps, simulating tanks, and sent them cruising through parachute infantry. Without warning, the Engineers closed in, throwing blocks of TNT. Completely flabbergasted, the infantrymen broke and ran. Later, this same company was so hardened by battle courses that the division commander pointed it out as an example of what shock-conditioning can do for green men. Incidentally, the paratroopers' crawling under machine-gun fire is a tribute to their selection, training and conditioning. They really move. One outfit I checked up on had put 1900 men through this without one freezing at the starting trench or holding up his platoon en route. In contrast, the divisions crawling through a similar course at the Amphibious Training Center averaged one man out of every 300 freezing at the jump-off line and still others freezing en route.

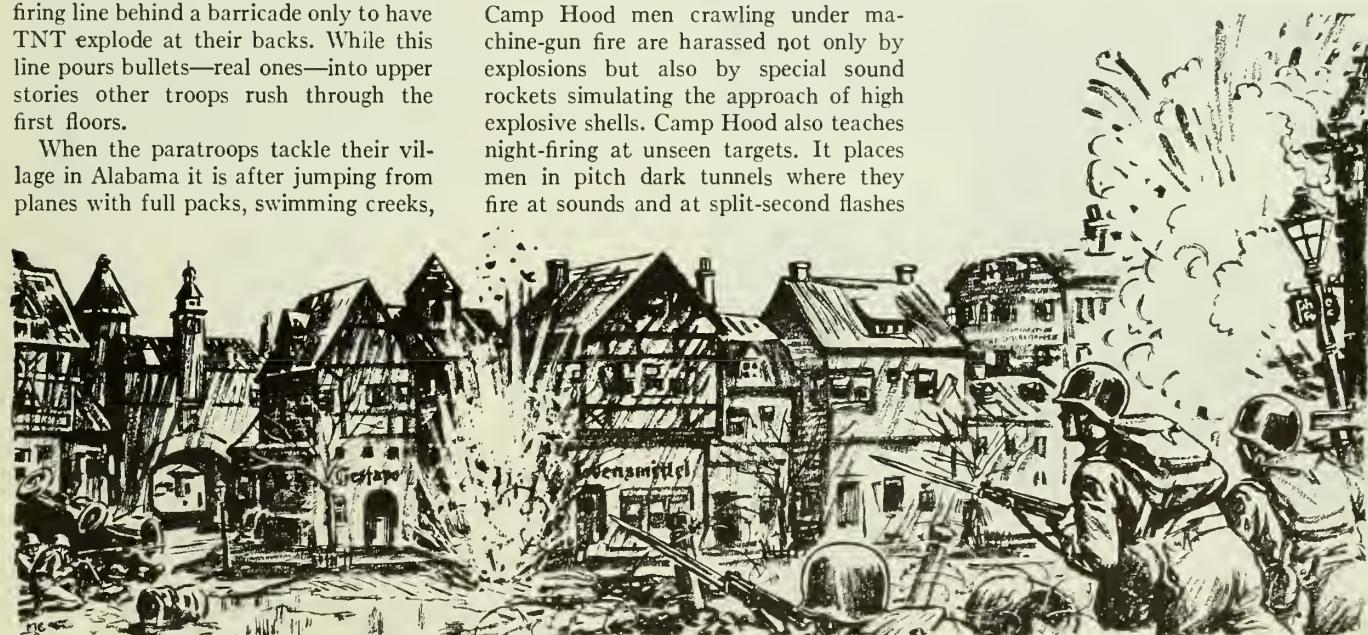
At the Tank Destroyer Center at Camp Hood men crawling under machine-gun fire are harassed not only by explosions but also by special sound rockets simulating the approach of high explosive shells. Camp Hood also teaches night-firing at unseen targets. It places men in pitch dark tunnels where they fire at sounds and at split-second flashes



of very dim light. The Tank Destroyer Center, like the Infantry School at Fort Benning, has been a pioneer in battle inoculation. It has now developed a technique to accustom men to the difference between friendly and enemy artillery fire. The soldiers are put in trenches, subjected to artillery fire passing overhead and exploding nearby.

Here and there ingenious officers are working on the sights and smells of battle. Chemists have developed some battlefield odors which will be added to the village fighting exercises. Properly used, these odors will help reduce the soldier's shock on first encountering the smell of decaying flesh. Considerable work is going into developing dummies which will resemble men with horrible wounds. One division commander is getting a blood-like paint which he will have individuals burst inside shirts while advancing under fire. One parachute officer visited a slaughter house in Alabama, bought up the place's whole supply of hog's guts, and spread them on

(Continued on page 36)



They practice taking the German village from each other

# Rubber: The News Is Good

By FRED B. BARTON



Looks like the stuff which ends up as paper, but actually it's on its way to become Ameripol, one of the synthetic rubbers. It s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s, as its discoverer, Dr. Waldo L. Semon, here demonstrates

THE place smelled simply awful, with a queer city gas-house sort of smell. They said I would soon not notice it, but of course they exaggerated. The tiny office was full of noise. We stepped out into the fresh

sunshine, the head chemist and a guide and myself, for a start from the beginning.

"These tanks hold the butadiene," said the head chemist.

"What sort of stuff is this bew-ta-dye-ene?" I asked, spacing the syllables carefully.

Well, it seems it's a gas, obtained either from petroleum or alcohol, and kept liquid only when cold and under pressure. They ship it in insulated tank cars, and because oxygen is an enemy, fill the air-space with natural gas, under pressure. They have to load the butadiene with an inhibitor, as otherwise the stuff attacks itself and forms lumps—a process attended by giving off heat, so that it speeds faster and faster if given half a chance.

An ugly but interesting citizen, this butadiene. Drop a vial of it and it explodes. Sniff too much of it and you feel giddy and drunk.

The chemists take three parts of butadiene and one part styrene—obtained from coal tar—and mix them under heat and pressure. They add soap chips and purified water, to break the oily styrene into small particles. Two thousand gallons of this flow into large kettles called reactors, kept agitated for

15 to 18 hours and kept from overheating by a water-jacket. A catalyst—they won't tell you the name—is added to speed the chemical action.

A strange, costly brew this is, performing little less than a miracle—the making of man-made rubber from an assortment of strange liquids. The process must be closely supervised. At the right time the chemists add a stopper, to halt chemical action. By that time the 2,000 gallons of mix have shrunk by a couple of hundred gallons, indicating that the molecules of carbon and hydrogen have nested together in a new and closer-textured compound.

By now the material has become the chemical equivalent of rubber latex. It is nine parts water, four parts rubber particles, and one part unused butadiene and styrene. This mix is pumped into a tall steel tank called a stripping column, where live steam draws off the unused chemicals. Then it moves on to the coagulator, where salt brine is added to preserve the creaminess and prevent the rubber from curdling, dilute sulphuric acid is added to cause the minute rubber particles to clot in larger lumps, and an anti-oxidant is added to preserve the rubber from light, heat and air.

I reached my hand into the machine



It goes in here and it comes out there in this miniature laboratory mill which checks on specifications. One mistake and you get non-edible spinach

It's an odds-on bet synthetic rubber is going to fill the bill on our war needs, even though those needs are constantly growing. But you'd better treat your tires well, because civilians won't horn in on the supply for quite some time

that spills the freshly made rubber onto a belt where it passes between rollers to squeeze out the surplus water and moves on toward the drying ovens and the Banbury mixer which works and worries the rubber into larger lumps for milling purposes, and the mill-rolls which sheet the rubber and ready it for the tire factories next door. The rubber was moist, like cottage cheese or damp popcorn. It was grainy and non-cohesive. "Does this stuff have any tensile strength?" I asked dubiously.

"It develops tensile strength in drying," answered the head chemist. "Look at this finished sheet of rubber over here. See, this has stretch."

Sure enough, it had. More, I learned: this synthetic rubber has some qualities which natural rubber doesn't. In some respects this artificial rubber is better than the stuff the Japs stole from us and the rest of the world when they seized the Dutch East Indies and Singapore.

What had taken thirty minutes to watch represented half a lifetime of many experts in organic chemistry, plus millions of dollars for equipment and research. A chemical process so dramatic that one rubber company president "makes" synthetic rubber at a luncheon table and bounces the finished chunk of rubber across to the audience; yet this process is actually so technical that chemists themselves are aghast at their own courage. It encompasses all phases of chemical engineering.

The chemistry of rubber, in fact, is a maze and a mystery. For a hundred years scientists knew that its formula was a multiple of  $C_5H_8$ , but when chemists put eight atoms of hydrogen and five atoms of carbon together what they got was not rubber. Only recently did researchers discover that the molecules must be polymerized—strung together like a chain of paper-clips. How to accomplish this, first in a test-tube and then in a pilot plant making a few tons a day and soon in government-sponsored plants with a rated output of over 400,000 tons a year, has called for the skill of America's rubber factories, working closely with the best brains of America's oil industry.

Large scale synthetic rubber first originated in Germany in World War I, but was not then very good. The present German synthetic rubber got its name—buna—from the first two letters of butadiene, plus the letters NA, which is the chemical symbol for the element sodium. There are two types, buna, which smacks of *ersatz*, a substitute. They feel their better for tires. Buna N is made from acrylonitrile plus the butadiene, and is tough and oil-resistant and hence is better than natural rubber for lining gasoline tanks of military aircraft.

American chemists, however, object strenuously to the name buna, which smacks of *ersatz*, a substitute. They feel their synthetic rubber is better than the German article. The name they prefer is GR-S, meaning Government rubber, type S. All the big new government plants now being completed are of the S type.

**Y**OU don't of course much care how the stuff is made. You would ask only two questions:

Is this synthetic rubber any good for making tires? And can the rubber industry turn it out fast enough, and soon enough, so that we civilians can buy new tires when our present four tires are worn out?

Yes, it makes good tires. For passenger cars, with careful driving, synthetic tires are almost as good as the kind you are used to; probably soon will be better (*Continued on page 38*)



More than half of it's synthetic, but it will stand plenty of wear. Many of these tires have had three years' service



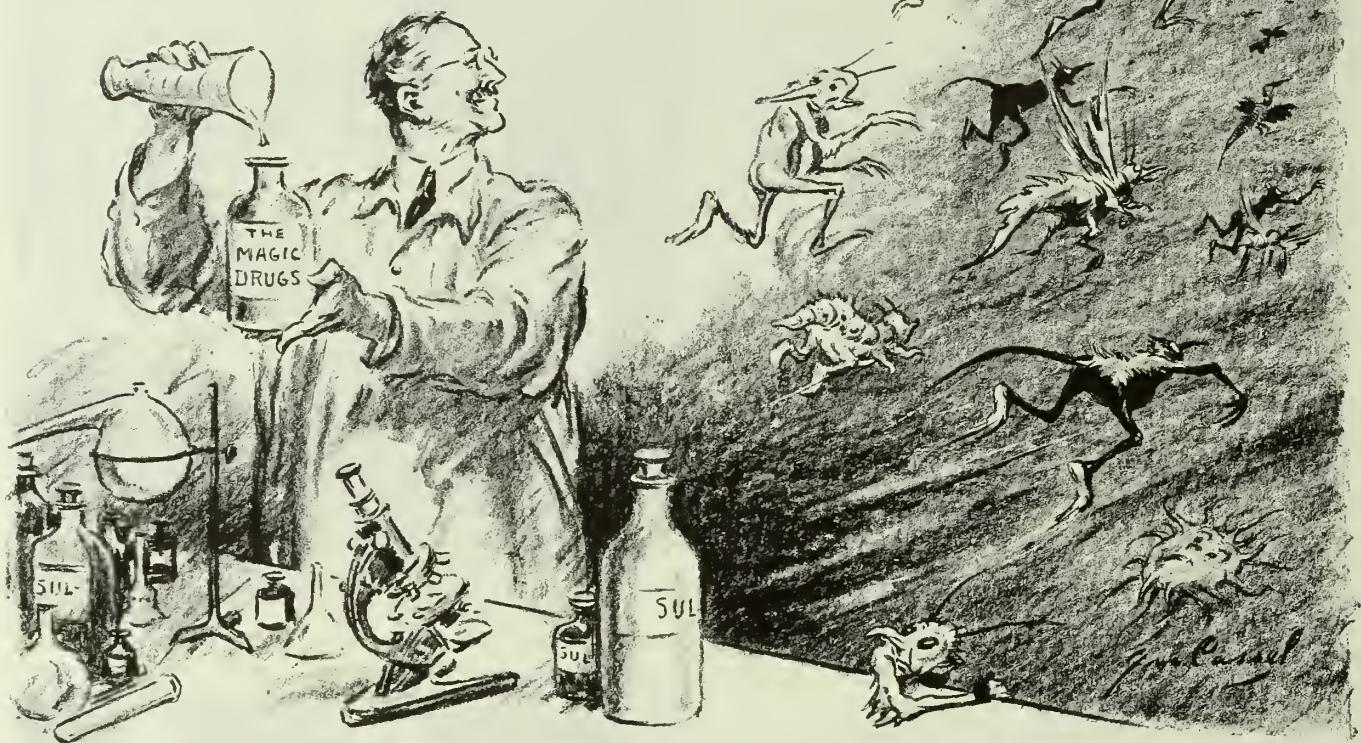
A block of raw synthetic rubber ready to be processed. Breaking it up, sheeting it on a wash mill is the first step



A slab of Chemigum from the rolls of a milling machine. It tips the beam at one pound, and it's pure gold

# Lifesavers

By MILDRED DANFORTH KIBBLE



**P**ARA-amino-benzene-sulfonamide."

It sounds kind of foolish, doesn't it? Maybe it is a new phrase the magician might use in his patter just prior to a piece of legerdemain. However, to the chemist, the name is immediately recognizable as the chemical term for one of our new drugs. Yes! It is the chemical name for one of the members of a larger group of substances known as the "sulfa" compounds. Truly, while the name is not quite as foolish as it sounds, and although nothing is magical about it, except its action in treatment of certain types of disease, why not call it one of the Magic Drugs?

This is as good a title as any since the effect of these drugs upon certain types of micro-organisms, which cause the infections that plague mankind, is certainly magical in every way. To you laymen—the name para-aminobenzene-sulfonamide is the chemical name of the substance probably familiar to most of you as sulfanilamide. This with sulfapyridine — sulfathiazole — sulfaguanidine — sulfacetamide and succinylsulfathiazole are the most commonly known of the Magic Drugs.

Let us go back for a minute, some two or three centuries, when a Dutch

The various sulfa drugs are saving life and limb in this war to an extent undreamed of a few years back. They showed their magic properties in the evacuation from Dunkirk, and in every battlefield around the world they are first aids to the surgeon

drygoods merchant, named Anton van Leeuwenhoek, looked for the first time into a microscopic world of Lilliputian beings. He saw a world peopled with tiny organisms, never looked upon before by man. Many of these little fellows were of a ferocious nature and destructive to human life. Others were friendly and surely played a part in the physical well being of mankind. Little did that old Dutchman realize that his invention of the microscope was the small beginning of a great study which eventually would help mankind combat and control diseases.

Louis Pasteur definitely placed the first milestone on the long road to the control of disease. Koch proved that disease could be produced in healthy animals, by the introduction of matter taken from an infected animal. We owe much to this man, because he established the fact that disease is caused by specific types of bacteria. Bacteriological history is replete with contributions which now enable us to look upon contagious and infectious diseases from a protective as well as

from a curative standpoint. Medical science has developed methods of combatting many of the heretofore fatal diseases.

Typhoid inoculation is probably one of the most interesting illustrations of the protective type of medical practice. During the Spanish-American War more men died from typhoid than from all other causes. In World War One the death rate from this disease was negligible, for every soldier and sailor submitted to routine inoculation against typhoid and para-typhoid. The same may be said of tetanus, whose bacillus is found in animal excreta. In addition it is highly resistant to temperature changes, sunlight, and other similar agencies, which will destroy or inhibit the growth of the average type of micro-organism. It is protected with a sort of capsule, which accounts for its extreme resistance. A bullet or shell fragment, which tore into a soldier's flesh and found its way into the deeper tissues, might carry with it some particle of clothing. The clothing, highly infected through filth gathered from the soil, could be the medium of tetanus infection. In the later days of the war, especially after our soldiers became active, the use of anti-tetanus serum re-

duced the mortality rate through early inoculation of wounded men.

These illustrations have been given for the purpose of presenting in brief, a treatment of disease based upon bacteriological and biological therapy. Treatment of this sort depends upon the development in the body of the immunity to the bacterial product responsible for the disease condition. In the case of anti-tetanus serum, the immunity was developed in the body of another animal, the horse. The serum prepared from the blood of the horse, which had been immunized with tetanus toxin, was injected into the body of the wounded soldier.

This treatment acts immediately, as the protective substances, which neutralize the bacterial poison are present in the serum. On the other hand, as in the use of typhoid vaccine, the soldier's own body produces the immunity, which develops slowly. This type of immunity is of a protective sort and lasts for a considerable period of time. Much satisfactory work has been carried on through the use of these biological products and we cannot discount their value.

Let us now go back to the microscope and observe a group of organisms, which are shaped and look like little dots or periods. Technically, they are

called "cocci." One member of this group occurs in pairs and is called "diplococcus"—another looks like a bunch of grapes and is known as "Staphylococcus." The last member of the group appears in a chain formation, similar in appearance to a string of beads. It is called "Streptococcus" and is probably best known by its abbreviation or nickname of "strep."

Wound infection results from some member of this group. Wherever pus is found, some member of the group will be present. The most savage of the group is the Streptococcus. It lies in wait for its victim, like the tiger. It acts quickly and used to be most difficult to destroy. Many diseases whose causative factor could not be determined are now known to result from this type of bacteria. Serums and vaccines were prepared, but were of little value. All of you are familiar with the condition known as strep throat, to which many have succumbed. Today, medical science does not fear this type of organism as in years past, for it is here we leave the biologicals and turn to the Magic Drugs, products of the science of chemotherapy, which means treatment of internal diseases by chemical reagents, such as battling malaria with quinine.

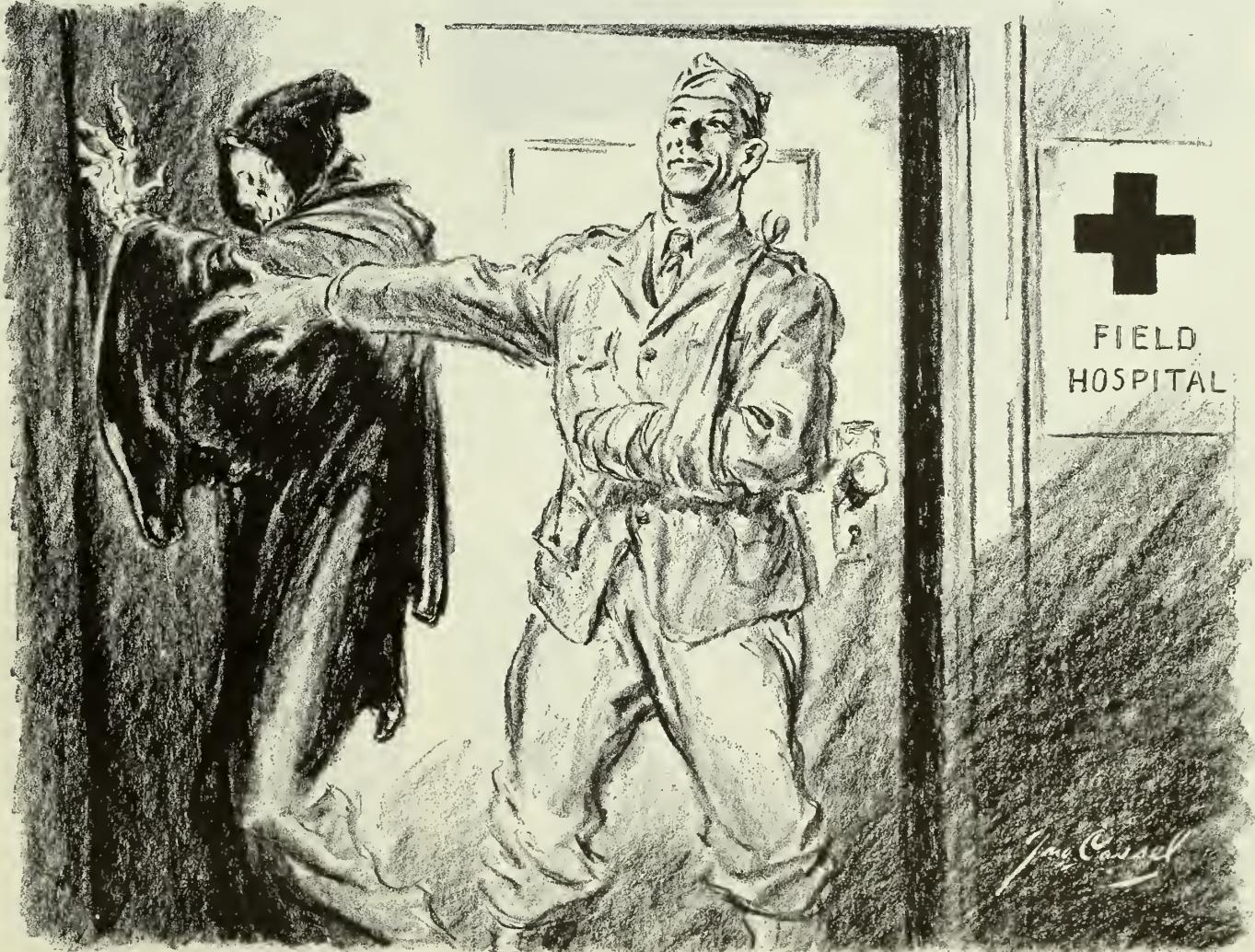
Men of many nations devoted years

Illustrated by JOHN CASSEL

of their lives to the development and progress of the science of chemicals in medicine before we could have our Magic Drugs. A German and a Jap, Paul Ehrlich and Kiyoshi Shiga, pretty much began the whole thing when, back in 1904, they cured a pre-infected mouse of African Sleeping Sickness by a single injection of a red dye. Four years later a Viennese university student of chemistry, P. Gelmo, synthesized, or produced, a new substance from coal tar. A German chemical journal published his report and Gelmo utilized this as a thesis for his doctor's degree. However, nobody saw anything extraordinary in just one more of the hundreds of then known derivatives from coal tar, so the substance began an undistinguished career in the dye industry, and Gelmo went into oblivion, for he was never heard of or from again. Perhaps no man ever unknowingly brushed closer to fame than did poor Gelmo, for 27 years later it was discovered that his carelessly shelved concoction actually was sulfanilamide.

Before sulfanilamide healing value came to be known, however, and while the precious substance was still tagged with that 12-cylinder name, "para-amin-

(Continued on page 54)



# Marked O.K. in '18

BY FREDERICK PALMER

Our Military and Naval Leaders Are Fulfilling the Promise Their Careers Furnished 25 Years Ago



General Pershing

Admiral Sims

**S**UPPOSE when we set out some two years ago to build an Army of 7,500,000 that we had had to start from scratch, without the experience of the First World War to guide us, but only that of the Spanish War of 1898. Suppose there had been none of the youngsters trained under John J. Pershing in France in 1918. I'm afraid we should have been in a very sorry state.

There was that young captain who went to France in the first contingent. The sharp, observant Pershing eye was drawn to him, and watched his development.

The young captain proved equal to one tough job after another, from trenches to command. He became our youngest brigadier general—a master hand in the movement of our fast-growing Army under the terrific pressure of the summer and fall offensives of 1918, when we drove hard to end the war quickly.

Such was the preparation General

George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, had for his present mighty task. Many times since 1918 he has paid tribute to General Pershing for the inspiring leadership of the Commander of that 1917-'18 A. E. F. "We realize all we owe to you, and we shall be worthy of you and your training and the example set by the First A. E. F." was one expression of the younger man's feeling of gratitude and that of his colleagues toward their Chief. And the suggestion that General Marshall be made a Field Marshal found no favor with the present Chief of Staff, who does not care to rank the man whose reward for the 1917-'18 achievement brought him the title General of the Armies.

The men directing the Army, Navy and Air Force today are all veterans of the 1917-'18 fighting, the "boys" of General Pershing and Admiral William S. Sims, the latter of whom unfortunately did not live to see the gallant job being done by the Navy in this war.



As this article reached us, Colonel Palmer reported that General Pershing "looks much stronger than he did six months ago," and said that the General looks forward confidently to being in Paris for the march past of Yanks returning from the occupation of Berlin and bound back for the U. S. A.

Let's look at a few of these high-ranking officers.\*

Everybody knows of the great work done by General Douglas MacArthur in the Philippines and in directing the allied forces in the Australian sector. MacArthur won his spurs with the Rainbow Division in 1918. Lieutenant Generals Hugh A. Drum, Lesley J. McNair and Walter Krueger had important jobs in the unfolding of the American offensives of 1918, and they are putting into action in training and in combat areas many of the things they learned there. Truly, experience is in the saddle.

What of the air? Compared to its power today war aviation was in its infancy when we of the old A. E. F. watched the dog fights and cheered our No. 1 ace, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker.

General "Hap" (Henry H.) Arnold, who is the chief of our army air force, was a soldier "over there" in 1918; and "over there" that pioneer naval aviator, Jack (John H.) Towers, now Vice Admiral and naval air chief in the Pacific, learned the lessons of aviation in war at first hand.

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief in the Pacific, and Admiral William F. Halsey, expert in whacking the Japs out Guadalcanal way, would be the last to discount the value of their First World War service.

When a submarine commander is back from a long successful cruise to the base it is no formal handshake of congratulation he receives from the Admiral. It is a comrade's warm clasp from an elder who had made long undersea cruises himself before, and added to his laurels during the First World War.

In this war the sneaking hide and seek devil of the seas is being fought by our destroyers and sub-chasers as in 1917-'18.

It is a thrill for Admiral Nimitz that youngsters of the crews who not only "go down to sea" in ships, but go under the sea, are whittling down Jap shipping two, three, four, five thousand miles from Pearl Harbor. And "Hap" Arnold and "Jack" Towers are back in the twenties in their pride in how their youngsters are carrying out Eddie Rickenbacker's tradition by shooting down Jap planes two, three, and four to one.

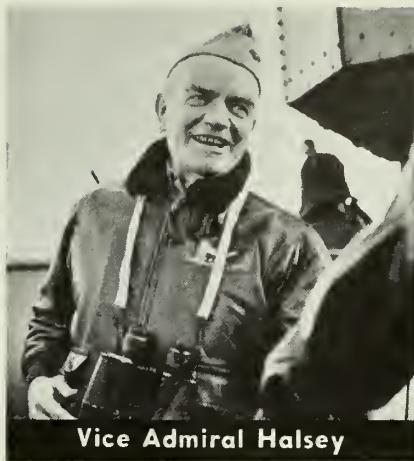
Among the men who served under Pershing in the last war was that lean, dashing, slashing blade of a man, Captain George S. Patton, Jr., who pioneered in the first primitive group of tanks in the Meuse-Argonne. From that day on he was never off the subject of tanks—Major General Patton who commanded the landing at Casablanca where we had the only hot fighting in our initial landing in French North Africa. Now he, too, wears three stars.

MacArthur passed on the tradition of

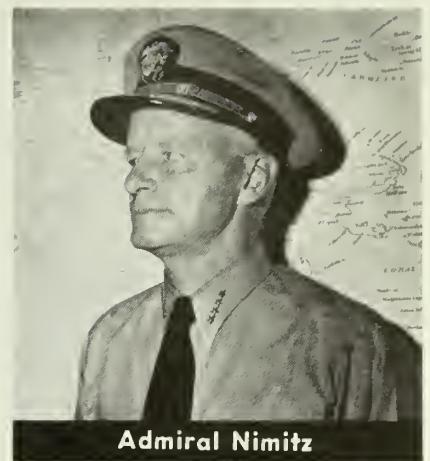
\* See *Leading the Army Team*, March, 1942 issue of The American Legion Magazine, for tributes to twelve of our high ranking military leaders.



General MacArthur



Vice Admiral Halsey



Admiral Nimitz

leadership to Major Dwight D. Eisenhower, whom he had on his right hand when he was Chief of Staff. And commanding the Fifth Army under General "Ike" Eisenhower, is Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, who was out of West Point into the front line in France, to be wounded in the course of the educational experience with which the veterans of the First A. E. F. are familiar.

General Eisenhower's Chief of Staff is Major General Walter B. Smith, who made good under fire in France.

Both Clark and Smith "served with troops." "Has he served with troops?" was a favorite expression of General Pershing's. The big test in serving with troops for any officer is in having been with them when theories were shot away down to the lean muscle of practice.

And we of the old A. E. F. all know how we started from scratch in 1917. We went into that war with a Regular Army and a National Guard half the size of that we had when this war began in 1939.

Planes? In 1917 we had not a dozen old crates, and these could not remain long up in the air. We had no aircraft plants to make even a few late types; no plants to make enough rifles, guns, grenades, or anything else with which to fight.

Money? Only \$100,000,000 was appropriated for the first six weeks after we were in the First World War. Later

we had it in billions but nothing like as freely as in this global war.

Officers? Run them through a school without being tested by service with troops. We had a rush order to save the Allies, and we did it. Where no draft was in actual operation until four months after our entry into the First World War, it had been in operation for a year before Pearl Harbor. In December, 1940 we already had 1,500,000 troops under arms. Half of them had had a year's training.

We had great aircraft plants turning out the latest types of planes in quantity; other plants turning out tanks, guns, rifles and ammunition in quantity. To become an officer from civil life you now have to serve as a private with troops before you are sent to an officers' candidate school. No soldier is to be sent into battle until he has had nine months' training.

Thus we have had time to profit by the mistakes we made in starting from scratch in 1917. They were mistakes for which the soldiers and sailors of 1917-18 had to pay. Our know-how of experience led to the Legion's steadfast advocacy of the draft and general preparedness when pacifism and indifference opposed them.

Not all the mistakes were corrected. If they had been we would be farther ahead with this war. It is just human nature to learn by the trial and error of

(Continued on page 40)



General Eisenhower



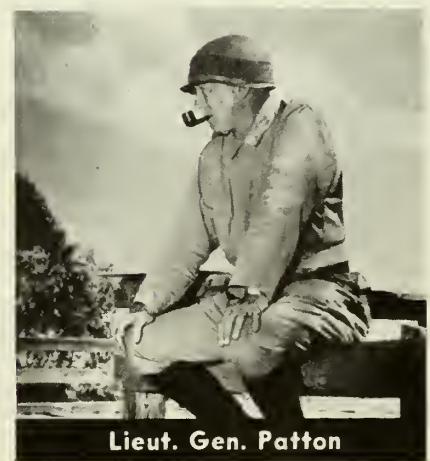
Lt. Gens. Kreuger and McNair



Lieut. Gen. Clark



General Arnold



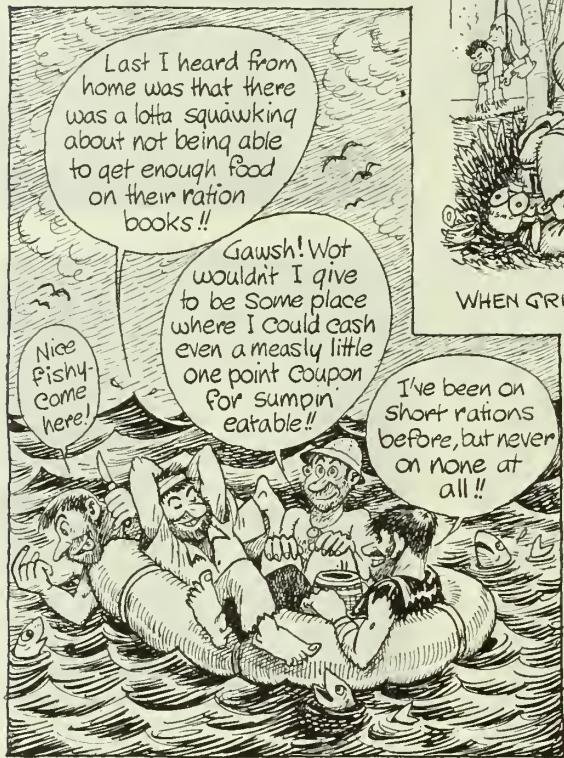
Lieut. Gen. Patton

# THE INGRATES!!

THEY THINK WE'RE  
A BIT LUDICROUS  
-OR SUMPIN'- *WV* -43



WHEN GRIPES OF MEAT RATIONING REACHES THE SOLOMONS, AND "WAY DOWN UNDER"



RATIONED - "SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC."



SOMEWHERE "OVER THERE"



ALL OVER OVER HERE - THEY GET THE "BELLYACHING" FIRST HAND -



## U. S. HIGHWAY NUMBER



No, it's not on your road map . . . our fighting men are hacking it through the jungles of the Solomons . . . pushing it overseas to Murmansk and India . . . across the desert sands of Africa.

However, Highway No. 1 starts here at home. Giant assembly lines turning out tanks, planes and guns are part of it. So are the shipways that launch our victory ships. And the great quantities of vital supplies now streaming from our basic industries.

Out of The Texas Company's refineries are coming millions of gallons of 100-octane aviation gasoline, chemicals for high explosives, quality lubricating oils

for the Navy, Army and Air Corps, and other war products to help push Highway No. 1 nearer to Berlin and Tokio.

Throughout industry the story is the same . . . a vast industrial strength built up in peace has been quickly changed to meet the needs of war.

This is a struggle in which every effort counts. As individuals we can help by buying war bonds and stamps, driving under 35, saving tires, working harder at our jobs. Let's travel together down Highway No. 1 . . . to victory.

**THE TEXAS COMPANY**  
TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES  
HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS





## Latest Car Model, 1943

### **America makes the best of everything!**

We may do less traveling this year, but we will cheerfully find a way to make the best of it. We may extend our old-fashioned hospitality less often, but it will always be just as hearty—with Schenley Royal Reserve—America's Finest.

*Buy War Bonds Regularly*



*Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City*

# A Ton of Prevention

THE science of arms, during so-called times of peace, continues the development of ever more deadly forms of destruction, and, in turn, the development of means of combatting such destruction. Planes and tanks, in their infancy during the last war, are devastating monsters in the present-day struggle. And we oldsters have had to learn about air-borne troops, of amphibian troops, paratroopers, and armored divisions.

Opposed to the science of arms—the destruction of human lives—are the sciences of medicine and surgery devoted to the humane task of endeavoring to save as many of the battle casualties as possible. The Dakin Solution, hailed during our war as the most important discovery in medicine to prevent fatal infections in wounded men until they could be transported to field hospitals, is replaced by the marvelous sulfa drugs. Those drugs, in powdered form to be applied to wounds, and in tablet form to be taken internally, are "general issue" to all men destined for battle and have helped in saving thousands of lives.

Now another great step has been taken to give prompt and efficient treatment to seriously-wounded men—the invention of an X-ray machine so efficient and compact that it can be quickly flown to the battlefield and set up within a matter of minutes. Through its prompt use, the added shock of probing for bullets and shell fragments, which often causes death, is largely eliminated. Two pictures of the machine—one showing it being assembled, the other in operation—are shown on this page.

This department, however, has dis-



Mobile X-ray Unit #4, under command of Lieutenant Carl J. Johannesson, M. C., (third from right), at La Grange-aux-Bois, in 1918, helped save many American lives. Few remember our Army had such service available during World War I

covered through the aid of a fellow-Legionnaire that the use of X-ray near the front lines is not an innovation—in a greatly-restricted manner the men of our war were also aided by X-ray units in the battle zones. We gained that knowledge from Legionnaire Carl J. Johannesson of Walter C. Lee Post of the Legion in Walla Walla, Washington, who submitted as evidence to support his claim the picture shown above. Dr. Johannesson served as a 1st lieutenant, Medical Corps, assigned to the Medical Detachment, F. A. C. R., as an X-ray specialist. Following his discharge from service, he was for a time radiologist to the Veterans Facility at Walla Walla, and is now roentgenologist at the General Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital and the State Penitentiary in his home city—so he knows his subject thoroughly. It might also interest Then and Nowers to learn that Dr. Johannesson was born and educated in Denmark, where at the University of Copenhagen he won his M. A. degree and Candidate Medicine. He came to this country, and enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1917, for X-ray work in the Medical Corps. His desire to don a uniform again in this war, although he held a commission as major, M. C., Officers Reserve Corps, has been thwarted by the Washington State Procurement and Assignment Board with which he is serving. Legionnaire Johannesson reports to us:

"What with war again raging, I thought your readers might be interested in the enclosed photograph taken in the small French village of La Grange-aux-Bois, not far from Verdun, in 1918 while I was with the A. E. F. The picture shows one of the few Mobile X-ray Units—ours being No. 4—which were sent up into the battle areas with Army medical



Compact, light X-ray field units of our present Army can be flown to battle fronts and set up in eight minutes by non-technicians



Here we have the Picker X-ray Unit prepared to give immediate service to seriously-wounded men brought in on stretchers from the fighting area



Memories of 1918: The military funeral of Private George Trego, M. T. C., at Verneuil, France



The American military cemetery on a hill overlooking the Loire River, just outside of Verneuil

officers and personnel. We operated as far up to the fighting lines as Cheppy during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

"The equipment (obtained from the French as you will note from the flag) consisted of a large cabin truck which inside was like a 'dark room.' The X-ray consisted of the French induction coil, mercury interrupters and 'gas' X-ray tubes; the electric current was obtained through an armature connected with the motor of the truck.

"Our outfit was used only for fluoroscopic X-ray localization of foreign bodies such as shrapnel, bullets and so on, and we moved from place to place where the fighting was heaviest and our services most needed. Our unit was operated in connection with a Mobile Surgical Unit.

"I had not thought a great deal about my particular service during 1917-1918 with our Army until during the past year when, coming into contact with a large number of army medical officers of the present forces and some of our veteran medical officers, I discovered that no one seemed to realize that we had Mobile X-ray Units in the Zone of Advance during World War I. Apparently ours was a service so limited that it had been forgotten. Nevertheless, my honorable discharge dated February 26, 1919, reads: 'Roentgenologist in charge Mobile X-ray Unit No. 4.'

"These Units were originated by Madame Marie Curie for the French army during the latter part of 1914 and are well described in her biography, written by her daughter, Eve Curie. The Unit I used was somewhat improved from the original.

"If I recall rightly, only two or three such units were in use by the American Army and were used strictly for field work in connection with Field Hospital

or surgical units—being taken as close as possible to the scene of action to care for the so-called 'non-transportable' cases, such as head, chest and abdominal wounds. Such cases were attended by especially trained surgeons and X-ray specialists within eighteen to twenty hours at the most after the injuries were sustained, and the patients then sent back to evacuation hospitals, as the location of our hospital was too dangerous to keep patients. Our X-ray unit proved to be a *ton* of prevention in the saving of lives.

## THEN and NOW

"Our first service in the Zone of Advance, with Mobile Hospital No. 4, started on September 4, 1918. On October 14th, we moved forward to a hill at Cheppy and established our hospital and Mobile X-ray Unit there. Our outfit was bombed by enemy planes but after displaying on the ground a large white cross made of bed sheets, we had no more such trouble, though shells passed over us frequently. At this site was proved the value of X-ray and expert surgery right in the field, where we were exposed to danger just as were front-line troops. Our location was so pitted with shell-holes that it was impossible to set up our tents properly.

"During the latter part of 1918 an



No tire shortage at Motor Reconstruction Park in Verneuil, 1918! Above, hundreds of new truck tires; left, salvaged tires we could use now

American Army Portable X-ray Unit was developed, but it was a semi-portable unit. It was described in the U. S. Army X-ray Manual for 1919, but our original 1917 manual made no mention of such equipment. This new unit was for the use of evacuation hospitals further back from the line, in the Zone of the Line of Communications. I did not see any of these latter outfits until after the Armistice.

"My unit was together for a number of months and I would like to know the names and whereabouts of my personnel, if any of them should see this contribution.

"I am proud to report that my son, John Eugene Johannesson, twenty years old, is now a 2d lieutenant, Infantry, having graduated from the Officers' Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia."

COMRADE Johannesson's comment to the effect that present-day medical officers and most veterans of the Medical Corps in our war knew nothing of the use of Mobile X-ray Units back in 1917-1918 was confirmed in a singular manner. Within a few weeks after this department received the doctor's contribution, there appeared in the *New York World-Telegram* for February 11th, a most interesting article written by Frederick Woltman, staff writer, covering the Army's new portable, shockproof X-ray machine, in which was included the statement: "which is bringing the X-ray to the front lines for the first time in the history of warfare . . ."

We took the liberty of writing to Mr. Woltman, submitting copy of the account from Dr. Johannesson which refuted the statement quoted. We requested also permission to reprint extracts from Mr. Woltman's article and asked that we be allowed to reproduce the two photographs that illustrated his article. Our requests were promptly granted and we show the





The above picture and that at the right were found in Montrichard, France—evidently a Memorial Day service. . . .



Copies of the pictures will be sent to men who recognize themselves and to relatives of the honored dead whose crosses show

photographs of the modern portable X-ray unit which were sent to us by Lee B. Wood, Executive Editor of the *World-Telegram*. The photographs are the work of Al Aumuller of *World-Telegram Photo* and are copyrighted, 1943.

In his letter to us, Mr. Woltman had this to say:

"Mr. Johannesson's story of the mobile unit in the last war is most interesting, especially in view of the fact that my story was passed on by the Surgeon General's office as well as Army Public Relations. I imagine the unit was so rare in the last war that no one remembered it in the Surgeon General's office; otherwise I should think they would have called it to my attention."

With an expression of thanks to Mr. Woltman and to Mr. Wood, we give you this brief extract from Mr. Woltman's article:

When Lt. Gen. Dwight Eisenhower recently cited the Army's new X-ray field unit for its service in the North African campaign, only a fraction of the whole story came out.

Left untold was the dramatic background behind the amazingly compact and intricate piece of medical apparatus which is bringing the X-ray to the front lines for the first time in the history of warfare and, as a result, will save thousands of American lives on battlefronts throughout the world.

One fact unreported, which the *World-Telegram* learned today, is that the company which developed these units and is now manufacturing them by the thousands for the Army and Navy had voluntarily turned more than \$1,000,000 of its profits from them back to the government. Unwilling to profit from the war, the Picker X-Ray Corporation, of 300 Fourth Avenue (New York City), has further decided for the duration to limit its profits to those of 1940. In that year it did virtually no war business, although its volume has

been more than tripled since by war contracts. . . .

Picker X-ray units, which have been used from Bataan to the Russian front, are the result of many months' experimentation by the firm's engineers and its technical chiefs. . . . Each unit made for the air forces is compressed into three steel boxes, with a total weight of 398 pounds and an over-all maximum size of approximately 3x3x4 feet. Unlike the wooden-cased, dangerous bedside units used in base hospitals during the last war, they can be flown into combat areas, set up under a tent



in an open field, operated by a gasoline electric generator and trained directly on wounded brought in on stretchers.

Two non-technical privates can set up an entire outfit in eight minutes. . . . Installation of a large machine in a base hospital usually takes two highly-trained engineers from three to five days to install.

One of the principal causes of death in the last war was the added shock induced by the necessity of probing around to locate bullets, shrapnel and fragments of shells in the bodies of the wounded. This X-ray unit can completely localize any foreign body within forty seconds, right behind the lines. . . . The physician can go in immediately instead of hunting around with a lancet. Heretofore this procedure took up to half an hour, destroyed tissue and induced further shock.

So, although this war has produced many new machines of destruction, we have this evidence that strides have been made in lessening resulting casualties.

MEMORIAL DAY of 1943 takes on an added significance. Honor will be paid not alone to our comrades of the First World War who failed to return to their homes or who have gone West since leaving service and to soldiers of earlier wars, but to the young fighters now giving their lives on land and sea and in the air in all parts of the world.

The military services have been very frank in stating that our losses will be great before this war is won—and so the crosses, row on row, will multiply. Our thoughts speed back to those days overseas, when scattered throughout France wherever American troops were located, were found freshly-covered graves either in village cemeteries or special cemeteries for our men.

When the war ended, those cemeteries largely disappeared—some of the bodies being sent back to their home communities, while others were assembled in the impressive American cemeteries which our Government established on the other side. Photographs that came to us from Adjutant Harry E. Taylor of Adams Township Post, Toledo, Ohio, revive those memories—a military burial and a group of wreath-decorated crosses in the cemetery at Verneuil, France. In case any of the Adjutant's former comrades want to re-

(Continued on page 65)



# A Job After Discharge

By **LAWRENCE J. FENLON**

*Permanent Chairman, National Clearing House Committee*

## The Steps Being Taken to Assure Employment to Veterans of the Second World War

BEHIND the scenes working now to develop nation-wide, community-conscious councils, to secure jobs for all persons serving in the armed forces upon their discharge, is a group of big brothers. Their formal name is the National Clearing House Committee. Their sole purpose will be to see that a proper job opportunity is given every person now serving in the military forces upon completion of his honorable service.

The American Legion has been asked to play a very vital role in this movement to help in the return of the service man to civil life. The Government this time is planning well ahead and intends to safeguard the service man from the unhappy experience which many of us had in seeking to re-establish ourselves in civil life at the end of World War I, when everyone back home was so absorbed with the task of winning the war that no one visualized the tremendous task of re-establishing a peacetime economy. The pavements were often hard and the soles wore thin to many in looking then for a job—any job.

Section 8 of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940, as amended, safeguards the employment rights of all members of the armed forces who entered the service at any time since May 1, 1940, regardless of the manner of entrance into the service, and this includes the feminine contingents.

This section provides that all permanent federal government employes shall be reinstated in their jobs and the Congress has recommended to the state governments (practically all have so complied) that they adopt the same policy in regard to state employes in the armed services; that all private employers shall reinstate them in their old jobs if application is made within forty days after discharge; that the person is physically capable of performing the duties of the job; that he or she holds a certificate of Satisfactory Service from the armed forces, and that the employer's conditions have not so changed as to make the re-employment constitute an undue and unreasonable hardship on the employer.

The law also directs the Director of Selective Service to establish a special

Division to care for re-employment, pursuant to which the Re-employment Division of the Selective Service System was established during November of 1940.

Re-employment of veterans is essentially a team-work effort, to which a number of government agencies contribute, and the most important function of the Re-employment Division itself is the coordination and planning, to make effective the work of other divisions of the Government, each charged with

**The Legion and its National Employment Committee Chairman, Mr. Fenlon, have been signally honored in his being named head of the National Clearing House Committee, set up by nearly a score of organizations to make certain that the World War Two veteran gets a job.**

responsibility for a special field of effort in the interests of the returned service man.

The general plan under which the Re-employment Division operates is a centralized planning, inspection, and coordination, with a completely decentralized operation. The maximum possible use of the facilities of existing government agencies and the creation of new organizations only to supply gaps existing between those organizations or to furnish necessary co-ordination and liaison between the agencies and the service man.

Attached to each local Selective Service Board in the United States are Re-employment Committeemen, all of whom are volunteers, many of them Legionnaires. They range from two per local board to as high as thirty or forty, and the ultimate objective is one to every twenty or thirty service men coming from the local board area, in order that the Re-employment Committeeman shall be able to give personal attention to the service man and that the latter shall feel that he has an individual in his home-town interested in and responsible for getting him a job.

Illustrated by **HERB STOOPS**

While each man in the service will ultimately have his name given to a specific committeeman, the use of the services of that committeeman and of the other agencies provided by the Government to serve his interest are entirely optional with the service man. While the filling out of records as to educational background, occupational experience, etc., are mandatory—since without this information no effective planning and organization can be done—the use of this information in the case of any individual is entirely in accordance with his personal wishes. According as he decides, he has at his disposal the efforts of all the government agencies, or if he wishes no help, his record will simply remain on file, and no one other than the Re-employment Committeeman will have access to it.

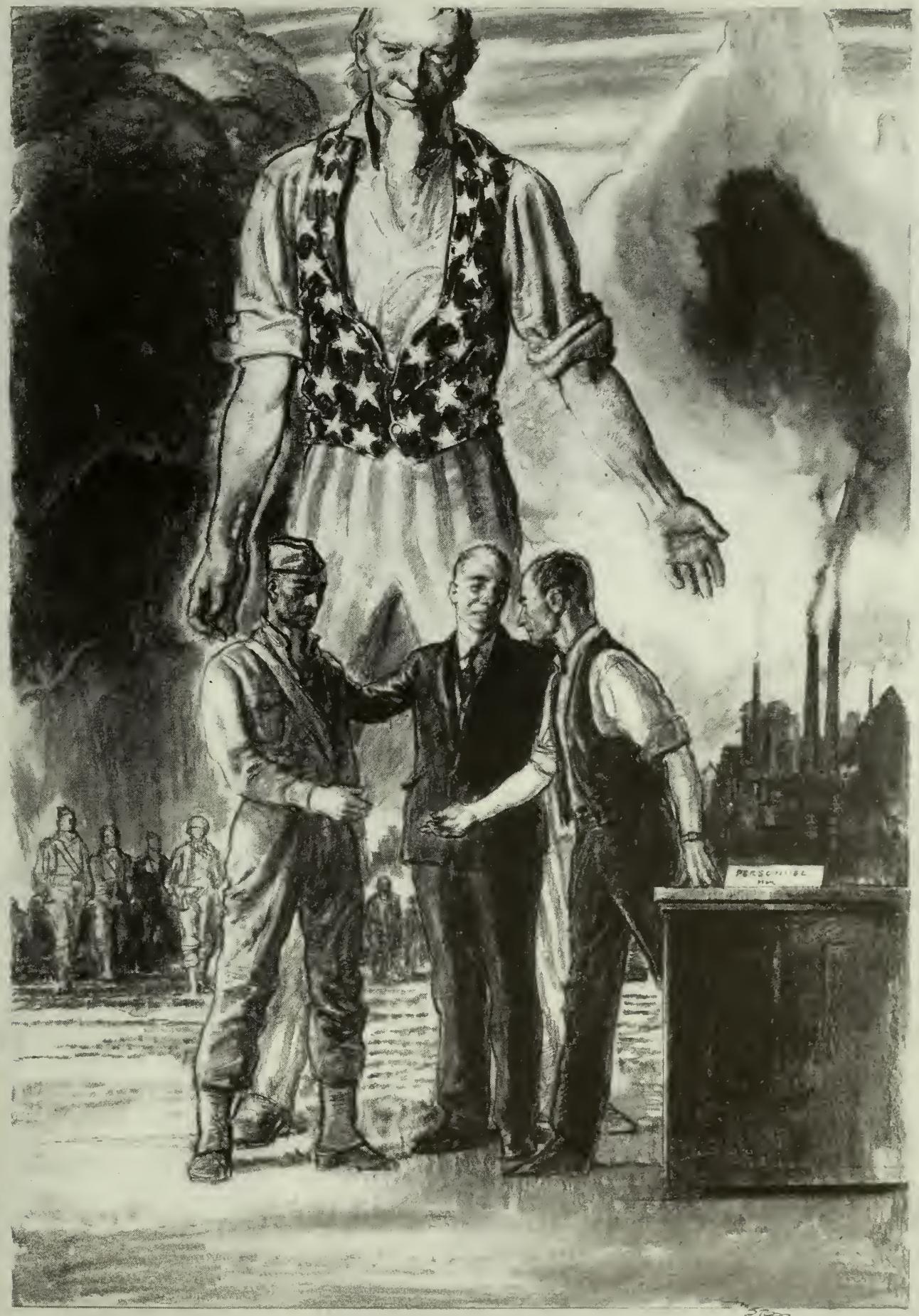
The functions of the Re-employment Committeeman are to handle the records of the service man for employment purposes, to act as his liaison agent when requested in connection with reinstatement in his old job, if the service man desires to return to his old occupation, or to place his records with the U. S. Employment Service if the service man desires a new job.

In the event of refusal of the employer to reinstate the service man, it is the function of the Re-employment Committeeman to investigate the case and if unable to adjust it to place it before a local Clearing House Committee to take all necessary steps to have the case pushed to a conclusion.

In the case of men having no jobs to which to return, or those seeking new jobs, he keeps track of the matter with the U. S. Employment Service to see that placement is vigorously followed up. If the U. S. Employment Service has no immediate opening in sight for the man, the Re-employment Committeeman then takes up the question as a community problem with the local Clearing House Committee.

The U. S. Employment Service, and particularly the Veterans Placement Representative, is the right-hand and primary channel of the Re-employment

*(Continued on page 49)*



*The skills acquired by those in service will be invaluable to American industry in the great expansion after the war*

# For Those Who Serve



A work of art is the Honor Roll erected by Two Oaks Post of Hawarden, Iowa, to keep fresh in memory the names of the home town men and women absent in the armed services

IN NEARLY every community all of the way across the country, memorial tablets have been erected bearing the names of the home-town men and women currently enrolled in the armed services. Thousands of these Honor Rolls have been erected and are maintained by Legion Posts, and in nearly every post home there are Service Flags and long rolls bearing the names of Legionnaire members, members of the Sons of the Legion Squadron, or where no squadron has been organized, the names of the sons of the members in service.

The Honor Rolls set out in the public squares, as well as the rolls reserved to honor Legion members returned to service, vary in style and design from simple board structures to elaborate creations of a permanent character. The cost of erection, too, varies with the design selected and the means at hand—

but all of them, whether large or small, cheaply or expensively constructed, have behind them the one clear thought—to pay honor to the service men and women by keeping their names constantly before the people of the community.

Some weeks ago an interested Legionnaire suggested that the magazine devote an entire number to a graphic review of these Legion Honor Rolls. Not only would such a feature have a very definite inspirational value, he thought, but it could very well serve as a guide to Posts making a late start to honor their neighbor men and women now enrolled as defenders of the Republic. The suggestion was found to be impractical, but the number of letters received from post officers asking for selections of pictures of Honor Rolls, plaques and tablets is sufficient to indicate a widespread interest.

Dozens of Posts have sent pictures of

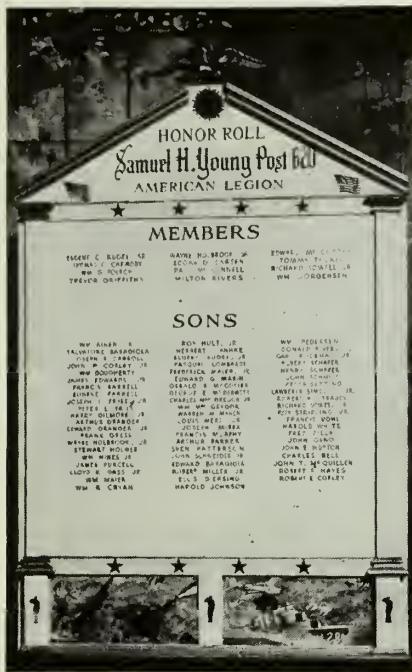
their Honor Rolls to the Stepkeeper—far too many to attempt to reproduce all of them, but each one whether simple or elaborate in design and finish is equally interesting. From the folder of pictures a selection of a few has been made to illustrate the various designs.

In most communities a public ceremony of unveiling the Honor Roll is held by the Legion or held jointly with other civic and community organizations, when Service Flags with the blue and gold stars are given to the families of the men and women whose names are blazoned on the memorial. A striking illustration of the public response to such a dedication is shown in the picture sent by Marcus L. McDonough, Chairman of the Honor Roll Committee of Albert H. Crane Post of Carbondale, Pennsylvania. This community roll, set in Memorial Park, is 42 feet long and 12 feet high, with space to accommodate 1,900 names, which amounts to about ten percent of the total Carbondale population. A patriotic service and parade with more than 5,000 marchers preceded the dedication and unveiling. Commander Leo J. Duffy presided at the ceremonies, and it was a solemn moment when the drapes were pulled aside revealing the great board with nearly 1,500 names inscribed on it.

Patriotic and inspirational meetings, bond sale rallies and other public gatherings in support of the war effort, with the community Honor Roll serving as a back drop, are held by Legion Posts and Auxiliary Units in other sections. And that is a plan well worthy of full development as the weather warms up and open air meetings can be held in



William Shields Post of Providence, Rhode Island, has three Honor Rolls standing in a row—one for the community, one for Legionnaires and one for the sons



A fine type of Honor Roll for the Legion home is the one above shown in the home of Samuel H. Young Post of the Bronx, New York

every section of the country. What more appropriate place for a bond sale rally than at the place where is publicly engraved the names of the men who are risking all for the safety of the rest of us? Or where would a Legion Post find a better place to present Service Flags to the fathers and mothers of the men who have marched away to war?

One of the most artistic of the outdoor Honor Rolls is that erected by Two Oaks Post of Hawarden, Iowa; a



A towering pylon bearing the names of the Wilmar, California, service men was the gift of Richard Garvey Post to its community



Thousands of townspeople turned out to pay homage to the home town service men and women when Albert H. Crane Post of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, unveiled its Honor Roll

combination of mural painting and memorial tablets. It is a large one, 32 feet long and 12 feet high, with a large mural painting by Legionnaire Seal Van Sickle in the center, flanked by two plaques bearing the names of 221 men from Hawarden and vicinity. Five of the names are marked with gold stars, for local boys who have fallen.

William Shields Post of Providence, Rhode Island, had another idea in the erection of a community Honor Roll, and one that works out in a nice symmetrical balance—a large community roll in the center to bear the names of all from the immediate area, flanked on both sides by smaller rolls, one to bear the names of the members of William Shields Post and the other to tell of the devoted service of the members of William Shields Squadron, Sons of The American Legion, and sons of members.

At Lake Crystal, Minnesota, John W. Roth Post erected a simple community Honor Roll at a cost of about \$75 for materials, with all labor donated. The main surface of the board is ten by sixteen feet, well enameled in white, says Commander C. A. Lowther, with a space of ten by eleven inches allotted to each star and name plate. The stars are cut from pressed wood and finished in blue enamel. The names are set in a metal frame and are covered with a bakelite substance to preserve them against weather. All night lighting of the board is provided by the city.

Designs following generally the same pattern are reported from Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, where Harold Ainsworth Post erected a large plaque to honor the free men of that community who "stand between their loved homes and the war's desolation," and from Mount Kisco, New York, where Moses Taylor, Jr., Post paid honor to the men and women of its community. Also following the same general design is the great roll erected

at Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, New York, for the 267 employees from that institution. The honor tablet, says Commander E. T. Logue, stands on the lawn in front of the home of James H. Anderson Post on the grounds of the institution, and was unveiled in the presence of about 400 relatives and friends of the men and women whose names it bears. Of the 267 names, eight are nurses and eight are members of James H. Anderson Post.

Unusual in its design is the Honor Roll pylon erected by Richard Garvey Post of Wilmar, California, in Garvey Memorial Recreation Center, one of the parks of Los Angeles County, reports Post Commander Edgar C. Croughan. The towering pylon bore the names of 412 men and women when it was dedicated, with room for only about two dozen more. Plans were set under way at the dedication of the first pylon for the erection of a second one to bear the names of others who are called into service. At the same service, Richard Garvey Post presented a new American flag to the recreation center and conducted a flag-burning ceremony in which four old flags were retired and burned.

*Keeping Step*



## NOW IS THE RIGHT TIME TO WRITE



Roche Post, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when transmitting a resume of the 1942 activities, together with a handful of pictures. "In October, 1939, we purchased our Post home, built thirty years ago at a cost of \$30,000, for the sum of \$9,000. Since

January, 1940, we have made improvements at an additional cost of \$3,000. But it is interesting to note that our membership has jumped from 56 to 310 in the past three years.

"The Post and Auxiliary Unit, together with its Sons of the Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, assisted in 176 flag-raising ceremonies in the Southwest Philadelphia community area in 1942; our two French cannon went into the scrap pile; Commander Anthony Micali and Finance Officer Leonard Dunlap sold more than \$200,000 worth of War Bonds and Stamps; a victory sinking fund was established, with an average weekly purchase of a \$100 Bond, and William P. Roche Post took down second award for greatest numerical increase in membership in the Department for the year.

"Wartime activities include the maintenance of an aircraft warning service tower operated on a 24-hour-a-day basis; purchase of a service truck assigned to the tower; presentation of a resuscitator to the maternity ward of the Philadelphia General Hospital; purchase of an ambulance and its dedication to community service, and other community services. Not the least was the Post's own party held to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the club home."

### Guard of Honor

One of the most active Legion units operating at the national capital is the National Guard of Honor. The title has been well earned; since its organization in September, 1934, this body of uni-

formed Legionnaires drawn from the membership of forty Posts in the District of Columbia has participated in over 200 ceremonial and public functions each year. The Guard of Honor not only serves its own Department, but is frequently called upon by National Headquarters to take part in ceremonies and public meetings of a national character. Particularly is this true of its presence each year at the Armistice Day services at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery.

The officers of the guard are both elective and appointive, says F. G. Ellison, Publicity Officer. The elective officers consist of a captain, senior first lieutenant, junior first lieutenant, four second lieutenants and three executive committeemen. The appointive officers are the adjutant, assistant adjutant and ten sergeants, who are selected by the captain. The term of office in all cases is one year. Applicants for membership in the Guard are subject to investigation by a special committee; and approval of the executive committee must be had before the application is submitted to the members of the Guard for balloting.

The functions of the Guard are many and varied. It is called upon to assist in the burial rites of deceased comrades from the various States when burial is made in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia. In such cases the Guard meets the train, accompanies the body to a funeral parlor, conducts the services, forms an escort to the National Cemetery and assists in a military burial. It also conducts funerals of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries who are members of the District of Columbia Posts and Units.



William P. Roche Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, operates an aircraft warning tower and has a knockabout car to service it. Left to right, Louis Coren, Transportation Officer; Bernard McLaughlin, Chief Observer; William O'Toole, Vice Commander, T. C. Brown, Post Commander

The National Guard of Honor—it was given this title by the National Organization several years ago—not only takes part in patriotic services and in caring for our honored dead, but it has many other calls for appearance as a uniformed group in connection with ceremonials and public functions. It acts as escort to distinguished guests, and usually forms a color guard for advancing and retiring the colors. Likewise the Guard escorts the Department Commander and his staff at such functions as the installation of officers in the various Posts.

### Colorado Teamwork

When the Colorado Department Headquarters asked its 122 Posts to contribute to a fund for the purchase of a resuscitator for the Colorado General Hospital, located at Denver, and which serves the entire State, there was no half-hearted response. A total of 112 Posts responded promptly with contributions, lacking only ten of making it a full 100 percent effort. At the same time the 117 Units were called upon by the Auxiliary Department Headquarters to contribute to a \$500 fund for the purchase of an incubator for the obstetrical ward of that same hospital. All but three responded.

Both machines were purchased and installed in late February, and were immediately made available for use. The gifts were suggested by the desire of the Legion-Auxiliary team to express appreciation to the hospital for splendid services to needy children extended throughout the State. To emphasize its character the two appliances cleared through the joint Child Welfare Committee, with the result that the ties between the Legion-Auxiliary Child Welfare group and the hospital have been greatly strengthened.

(Continued on page 56)



The National Guard of Honor of The American Legion, Washington, D. C., has earned its title by making more than 200 public appearances each year for eight years

*All America Knows  
Budweiser...  
but Few Know This*



## THEY'VE PASSED THEIR 'PHYSICAL'-TOO

America's feathered and four-legged armies are very much on their toes these days. Yeast vitamins used in fortifying animal feeds have done wonders in recent years to better the quality and propagation of livestock and poultry. Did you know that the Home of Budweiser is America's biggest single source of these vitamins?

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

### Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

**VITAMINS, B COMPLEX**—For manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products. Our plant is one of the world's largest sources.

**VITAMIN D**—Anheuser-Busch produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

**BAKER'S YEAST**—We are one of America's biggest suppliers of standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup used to make bread.

**CORN SYRUP**—many millions of pounds annually for America's candy industry.

**SYRUPS**—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

**STARCH**—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

**REFRIGERATING EQUIPMENT**—for retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over. This division is now working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Armed Forces.

**DIESEL ENGINES**—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.



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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . . . S A I N T L O U I S

MAY, 1943

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

TRADE MARK REG.  
U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Budweiser

# PLAYING FOR KEEPS—IN TRAINING

(Continued from page 17)

barbed wire. Without tipping off his men he had them crawl under that wire. Another parachute officer at Fort Bragg purchased a couple of dead mules—only two days dead—for his men to practice bayoneting on. Others have tried bayoneting animal skins filled with reddish liquor resembling blood.

The *Infantry Journal* now reveals that at least one American Division has developed a chamber of horrors for the training of staff officers. Assembling in a woods at night, the officers crawl into slit trenches to work out a command problem. While working they are harassed by sharp rifle fire, demolitions, the roar of nearby motors, horrible stenches, the agonized cry of a wounded man, flashes of vari-colored lights, and a wind which drives sand into their faces. When one of the staff reaches for a telephone he finds it sticky—coated with a slimy, red, jelly-like substance. Flashlights reveal a dead man—made from a clothing store dummy—with a bloody face and a sickening shell-torn stomach. In the final phases of the problem the staff officers have to use gas masks.

Grim as this is, veterans back from the various fronts underline the importance of this conditioning. These officers tell about soldiers who might be alive today had they been practiced in crawling under machine-gun fire. In a North African ravine swept by German fire one officer saw an infantry squad running upright while all around men were yelling "Get down! Get down!"

Get down!" The men continued upright—until one was killed.

A paratroop officer, back from action in Tunisia, told me that on a number of occasions where troops did not move forward aggressively it was on account of the overwhelming shock of the sights and sounds.

"For instance," he said, "when the fleet was firing over the heads of our troops they thought they were being fired *on* and withdrew. On another occasion, our men in front of a German position were pinned to the ground by artillery fire. Had they only recognized the characteristic sound of the shells passing overhead they would have known the point of impact could not have been anywhere near."

On another occasion this paratrooper saw American ammunition carriers shocked into inactivity by the sounds alone. Instead of getting the ammunition forward to a machine-gun these men were huddled together, hugging the ground, shaking—and pitifully unaware that their entire route to the machine-gun needing the ammunition was protected by a hill.

Such combat experiences show the value of the Army's new battle inoculation courses. Most of our overhead fire is from weapons clamped into place. At Fort Benning there is one course in which men learn to drag machine-guns into place while live bullets are fired a few inches above their heads. Instead of opening this exercise with the command "Get down!" the machine-gunner simply elevates his gun and without

warning fires a burst over the standing men. Caught completely off guard, they flop to the earth in a mad hurry—while the machine-gunner tells visitors, "One bullet is worth a thousand words."

Tough, realistic training like this will necessarily mean casualties—just as you have casualties among men learning to fly or to drive army trucks. One army officer said that if no one gets hurt then it's no good. Out of the thousands put through the machine-gun crawling a handful have been wounded and two, according to a camp which doesn't want its name used, have been killed. Three men were drowned on one battle course which is so tough none but veterans are ever put through it. Once in a great while a man will get powder burns from dynamite. Recently one paratrooper, tried out in the digging phase, dropped off to sleep and didn't waken when his outfit moved out. He was still sleeping when the 75's began landing in his vicinity, but he got out unhit, ran smack into his division commander, and had his moment of glory telling the general all about life under shellfire. Had he been wounded in 1941 there would have been a hue and cry—remember the "Yoo-hoo" battalion incident? Today it is simply a part of the grim business of inoculating men for a grim task. After talking with hundreds of officers and men I am yet to find one who objected to the new toughness. Their general attitude is simple: the tougher it gets the more chance we have of surviving the real thing.

## WAR BONDS AND YOU

(Continued from page 1)

used to be, its method of financing has changed too. The people of the nation have one job today: to win the war. To this task the nation is devoting three-fifths of all it can produce; on the remainder civilians must somehow manage to get along. Our financing problem therefore can be simply put. If three-fifths of the things we produce go to war, then three-fifths of the incomes we create by so producing should likewise go to war. The diversion of goods and services from peacetime to wartime use should be paralleled by a corresponding diversion of incomes from peacetime to wartime use. Only by so doing can we bring our production and financial gears into perfect alignment.

When once these fairly elementary facts are grasped, war finance loses much of its vaunted mystery. It becomes essentially a problem in devising ways and means of drawing back into the Treasury from what people are earning an amount equal to what the Government is spending. The Govern-

ment is attempting to accomplish this by taxation and the sale of War Bonds.

The purchase of War Bonds serves many purposes in a war economy. In the first place, investment in War Bonds gives the Government the funds it so sorely needs to buy the materials of war. Soon the Government will be spending over \$100 billion a year for war purposes. This sum is so huge as to defy comprehension. It does take on meaning, however, when reduced to its constituent parts. A heavy battleship, for example, costs 97 million dollars; a destroyer, 12 million dollars; a heavy tank, 145 thousand dollars; the Garand rifle, 80 dollars; the bullets for the Garand rifle, \$55 per thousand. Multiply these items by tens, hundreds, thousands and, in some cases, even by millions, and one obtains a clearer idea of the magnitude of war expenditures.

Secondly, investment in War Bonds transfers from private to public use the income that is being created by the war program itself, thereby enabling the Government to check whatever tendency

to a price rise it may be producing by its own spending program. The purchase of War Bonds therefore serves to prevent an inflationary rise in prices and to keep down the cost of living. The total of goods and services available for purchase will soon reach a depression-low; the incomes of people, however, are at a prosperity-peak. By buying War Bonds rather than goods and services people are dealing a mortal blow to inflation. More than that, they are co-operating as partners, not competing as rivals, with their Government in its efforts to secure the resources for war.

Thirdly, investment in War Bonds is insurance for the post-war period. These bonds represent an ideal form of savings for the time when civilian goods and services will again be available in abundance. Seven hundred and fifty dollars invested in War Bonds today will have grown into one thousand dollars ten years hence; and will make possible perhaps a new automobile for the family, college for Johnny, or that long holiday you never did get around to take.

# HEARING BLACKOUTS ARE UNNECESSARY...



*chances are 90 to 1  
you're not deaf!*

Do you know that one out of 10 Legionnaires is hard of hearing?

In any other day these men, regarded as deaf, would have been forced to give up many of their normal activities.

But such is not the case today. Due to important scientific discoveries, with the resulting development of the midget Maico electronic hearing aid, your chances for clear, effective hearing are improved 90 to 1 today.

With manpower now at a pre-

mium and Legionnaires bearing heavy responsibilities in directing and executing wartime activities, it is particularly fortunate that Maico aids are available today.

#### **Hear Easily, Without Fatigue**

Small, compact and easy-to-wear Maico hearing aids permit even the severely deafened to hear normal conversation at 20 feet. Whispers are audible, yet loud noises are automatically suppressed.

This enables one to wear a Maico in offices, plants, theatres—even in crowded noisy places—in complete comfort. No attention to the instrument is required.

**SEND COUPON** today for free booklet describing Maico hearing aids; or ask for test-fitting. No obligation.



**CHECKING PILOT'S HEARING.** Pan American Airways pilots are given routine hearing tests on the Maico Audiometer.

**90% of all precision hearing test instruments used in America are supplied by Maico. Used by U. S. Army, Navy, ear physicians, hospitals, universities and airlines.**

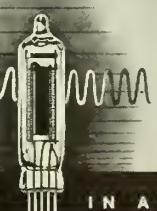


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VISIT A LOCAL MAICO OFFICE

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IN HEARING... SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Send me free book, "Background of Hearing".  
 I am interested in a test fitting of a Maico.

Give name of person desiring booklet or test, for yourself, or a relative or friend. No obligation. Your name will not be mentioned.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Finally, investment in War Bonds will make for a sounder and healthier America in the post-war period. It is socially and economically desirable that a large proportion of the country's debt belong to the people, not to the banks; that every individual feels he has a personal and immediate stake in the welfare of his country. The widest distribution of the nation's debt in the hands of the people will assure the realization of this goal.

The results of our War Bond program to date are a tribute to the patriotism and intelligence of the American people. I will cite only a few figures to illustrate how deeply the Government's program has taken root.

From May, 1941, when the program first got under way, through February, 1943—

More than 183 million Series E War Bonds were sold.

More than 50 million people invested in War Bonds.

More than 8 and a half billion dollars was invested in E Bonds alone.

More than 25 million individuals are now investing regularly in War Bonds through Payroll Savings Plans.

More than 8.7 percent of the gross pay of those participating in Payroll Savings Plans is being devoted to the purchase of War Bonds.

This is a record of which we may well be proud. It is not a record, however, in which to take comfort. Our real trials

are upon us. And we will be judged not by the accomplishments of the past, but by our achievements in the present—and the future.

The War Savings Staff of the Treasury

scrapped, so War Bonds might be purchased; how house-to-house and office-to-office canvasses have been made, that War Bonds might be sold.

To Legionnaires these achievements



"We hinted they were going to be rationed."

knows that The American Legion, its Departments and its Posts, large and small, can be depended on in this hour of the nation's gravest crisis. The great War Bond drive of the Georgia Department last November is only one of many special campaigns that have been inaugurated.

We know, furthermore, that many Post treasuries have been stripped, social programs shelved, building projects

are not an end, but only a beginning; not an excuse to let down, but a spur to increased effort. Men who experienced the real nature of wartime sacrifice over twenty-five years ago in the blood-soaked trenches of France, whose sons and daughters today are experiencing too the real nature of wartime sacrifice on the far-flung battle-fronts of the world, will persevere in their efforts until victory has been finally achieved.

## RUBBER: THE NEWS IS GOOD

*(Continued from page 19)*  
than tires made from crude rubber. For trucks the story is not quite so perfect as yet; tire makers prefer to use some natural rubber, maybe 30 percent crude and 70 percent GR-S, to resist the terrific internal heat that truck tires must face. Army truck tires are as yet made almost entirely from crude rubber, but this picture will undoubtedly change as synthetic tires show continued improvement.

How much GR-S will be made during 1943 is a problem. Rubber Director William M. Jeffers, whose sincerity and willingness to face facts honestly has impressed the rubber industry, says that the nation's stockpile of 440,000 long tons (2200 pounds each) with which we started 1943 will have dropped to the danger mark by next fall. He considers 102,000 long tons as the minimum working reserve needed to keep the country's rubber factories supplied with raw materials. From October 1943 to March 1944 he considers our critical period, with December the low spot.

If you complain that newspaper headlines have occasionally shouted that synthetic rubber is on the way and that miracles are to come to pass, don't blame

Jeffers for falling down on his job. Be grateful rather that Jeffers is not kidding himself; nor should you. The Rubber Director's second progress report, issued February 18, 1943, explains that butadiene has not yet been produced in the quantities specified, because of a national shortage of valves, turbines, pumps and other specialized equipment. Again, Jeffers states, it has been decided that other programs are of equal urgency with the rubber program, so that further delays must be expected. His forecast is subject to change. "If all synthetic plants come into production without undue difficulties, and if their output should exceed their rated capacities, we may be in a better position," says Jeffers. But, he adds, "the reverse could happen."

Meanwhile, the tires now on the nation's 20-odd million motor-cars add up to probably a million tons of good rubber. This is by far the country's largest stock-pile.

Treat those tires of yours respectfully. Every day they spread a layer of comfort before your path, like Sir Walter spreading his cloak to keep the queen's slippers out of the mud. If you are cutting down on your mileage and are holding to 35 miles per hour, your present

equipment may last for years. It may have to, for some Navy men are saying privately it may be a six-year job to clean up the Pacific.

If your tires start to wear out, re-capping will lengthen their life, and probably these tires will be re-capped with some new synthetic, possibly Thiokol, possibly Neoprene. When the tires are all gone you may find yourself buying new tires made of rubber reclaimed from old worn-out casings—and good for 10,000 careful miles at 35 m.p.h. Don't turn up your nose at that. *C'est la guerre.* Synthetic tires, better month by month as practice speeds perfection, will be yours when the armed forces have given Junior and the 6,000,000 more like him the tires and aviation materials made of rubber and the countless rubber items used on battleships, needed to win the war.

You can give thanks now that the rubber industry has learned in a hard school and has developed a resiliency and a resourcefulness all its own. "Thank God for Akron," said Rubber Director Jeffers when he visited the city of rubber last fall. Only men of faith and vision could survive in the rubber industry, where the fluctuation of a few



## "UNTIL I COME BACK"...

WE'RE over 20,000 feet now (the coffee's frozen in the thermos) and that's the Zuyder Zee below. We must be half-way across Holland.

Funny thing what happens to a fellow...

Those are the same old stars and the same old moon that the girl and I were looking at last summer.

And here I am—flying 300 miles an hour in a bubble of glass, with ten tons of T.N.T.

Somehow—this isn't the way I imagined it at all, the day I enlisted. Don't get me wrong—sure I was sore at the Japs and the Nazis—but mostly, it was the thrill of the Great Adventure.

Well, I know now—the *real* reasons—why I'm up here paying my first call on Hitler.

It's only when you get away from the U. S. A. that you find out what the shootin's really about and what you're fighting for.

I learned from that Czech chap in London. The refugee, the nice old fellow

who reminded me of Dad except for the maimed hands. I was dumb enough to ask about it. "I got that," he said, "for writing a book the Nazis didn't like . . ."

Then there was the captured German pilot who screamed and spit when Izzy Jacobs offered him a cigarette . . . how do fellows get that way?

And that crazy Polish pilot—the fellow who rammed the Messerschmitt. After the funeral I learned what was eating him. Seems as how he has a sister in Warsaw who had been sent to a German Officers' Club . . .

I hope to hell Hitler's home tonight . . . light and wind are perfect.

Yes, sir, I've met 'em by the dozens over here—guys warped by hate—guys who have had the ambition beaten out of them—guys who look at you as if you were crazy when you tell 'em what America is like.

They say America will be a lot different after this war.

Well, maybe so.

But as for me, I know the score . . . you learn fast over here. I know now there's only one decent way to live in this world—the way my folks lived and the way I want to live.

When you find a thing that works as good as that—brother, be careful with that monkey-wrench.

And there's one little spot—well, if they do as much as change the smell of the corner drug store—I will murder the guy.

I want my girl back, just as she is, and that bungalow on Maple Avenue . . .

I want that old roll-top desk of mine at the electric company, with a chance to move upstairs, or quit if I want to,

I want to see that old school of mine, and our church, just as they are—because I want my kids to go there.

That's my home town . . .

Keep it for me the way I remember it, just the way I see it now—until I come back.

**NASH**  **KELVINATOR**  
NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Published in the belief that here at Nash-Kelvinator we carry a double responsibility—not only to build the weapons for victory but also to build toward the kind of a future, an American future, our boys will want when they come back.*

★ Reprints of this Advertisement suitable for framing will be sent on request ★

pennies in the price of crude rubber could and often did wipe out a company's entire surplus within a few weeks. As recently as 1925 rubber cost American manufacturers over \$1 a pound; in 1933 it was as low as 3 cents. Of necessity these manufacturers started research years ago and have never stopped.

Vice-President Wallace has gone on record as expecting that any American synthetic rubber after this war is past will have to compete with imported crude rubber without benefit of tariff protection. The matter may be academic, because we haven't won the war yet. Further, if the war should last five or six years, the huge GR-S plants now being built would be worn out or obsolete when peace comes.

Be that as it may, when crude rubber was selling for 22 cents a pound in New York, before this war started, duPont's Neoprene was selling at 60 cents a pound—and selling nicely. Today's price, as established by the OPA, is 40 cents for natural rubber as against 32 cents for GR-S.

The sum total of the nation's chemical genius was made available to the United States government in setting up its new GR-S plants, and production and research in the field of S type rubber is supervised by the government. Be it said in all fairness that all rubber companies are co-operating whole-heartedly and

unselfishly to help along the national synthetic program.

It is no less important, however, that the spirit of competition which has made this nation great is still operative in the various small pilot plants which individual rubber firms set up to produce N type rubber. Progress is still being made in this field. Already you are beginning to see advertisements of synthetic rubber for coming civilian purposes.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, for instance, makes Chemigum. (Pronounced Kem-i-gum.)

Hycar Chemical Company makes Hycar. It is a joint enterprise of The B. F. Goodrich Company and the Phillips Petroleum Company. Tires made with one type of this synthetic by B. F. Goodrich are branded Ameripol, short for American and polymerization.

Standard Oil produces Perbunan and Butyl.

DuPont produces Neoprene.

Dow Chemical produces Thiokol, which is on the verge between being a rubber and a plastic. United States Rubber Company also has plants producing forms of synthetic rubber.

Meanwhile, various rubber-like plastics are taking over some of the duties which rubber used to do alone, and in many cases doing it better. Insulation for electric controls on battleships, for

instance, is made of materials not as inflammable as rubber. Natural rubber dries out and crumbles like an old rubber-band. Some of the newer products are longer-lasting and better.

So army hospitals are now using sheeting and tubing and catheters made of materials which are not rubber but have rubber-like qualities. These plastics are resins, made of such un-rubber-like substances as coke, limestone, salt, and are derivatives of vinyl chloride.

Some of these trade names too will soon be familiar to you. Those which are akin to rubber are four or five and come well sponsored. There is Koroseal, made by B. F. Goodrich; Vinylite, made by Carbide and Carbon; Saran, made by Dow Chemical; Tygon, made by U. S. Stoneware. Only the present scarcity of plasticizers is holding back a tremendous surge in the development of amazing new plastics. Some will be as far superior to Nature's rubber for some purposes as DuPont's Nylon is to natural silk in hosiery.

As we all expected, American inventiveness is doing its part to keep American fighting men moving forward on rubber. When peace comes again American industry will be prepared to attack the problems of everyday living with wits newly sharpened by the challenges thrust upon it by the Japs' and Hitler's war.

## MARKED O. K. IN '18

(Continued from page 23)

one's own experience without taking note of past experience. This was especially true of those who thought this was so different a war that there was nothing to learn from any past war.

One mistake, I think, was in not allowing more of the veterans who are physically fit, to wear the uniform again. They had been through the great test. They knew the rules of the game. If not at the front they could have taken the place of younger men back of the front.

Again we have found how even under combat strain men in the fifties wore down youngsters. The elders were as toughened raw hide. In the toughest kind of jungle fighting in New Guinea, Hanford (Jack) MacNider, former National Commander of the Legion, kept pace with the best of 'em until he was wounded. Which, of course, wasn't a new experience to Jack, whose valorous service in the 1917-18 ruckus brought him many American and foreign decorations.

The point for us in this global war, in which we have to fight Japan and Italy as well as Germany, is in the bedrock of discipline which was set for the A. E. F. Pershing was tougher than drillmasters at home, and they were tough enough. We simply had to get tough to fill that rush order in a hurry.

But who of us, for the sake of our soldier sons, would favor a soft teaching which meant winning a war with greater cost of lives?

Our "iron commander" is in his

### *A Suggestion:*

After you have finished reading this issue of your American Legion Magazine, wrap it and mail to a relative or a friend in the armed forces in this country. Postal regulations will not permit mailing overseas unless a specific request is received from the one to whom the magazine is to be sent.

The mailing cost is only 4¢ and your generous action will not only furnish entertainment for our soldiers, sailors and marines—prospective members of The American Legion—but keep before them in an interesting and readable way, the ideals, aims, purposes and programs of our organization.

eighty-third year, but the glance of his eye is still young. Not for him to work sixteen hours a day as he did in France. That is for those of a later generation trained in his school.

I shall never forget the penetrating questions he asked me, upon my return in 1940 from the Battle of France, as to the causes of the disaster. He follows the progress of the war closely. His disciple, General Marshall, keeps the old master in touch. No man is more confident of the outcome of this war than the leader who never let down in the great crises we knew in the German drives of 1918.

His war, our war of the old A. E. F., is won. Now in the process of winning this war the early arrivals of the new A. E. F. Divisions are learning the know-how of battle. From them come the real thanks to the old A. E. F. This we shall have in larger and richer measures as our force at the front grows.

Sons are thinking and saying: "Dad, I know what you went through, for it's just what I'm going through. I know what I owe to you."

Sons are kneading the mud as fathers did. They are pounding the hard high roads when there are any. There aren't many in North Africa, and none out in the Solomons and New Guinea where a choice between roads is a choice between depths of mires.

Sons do not ride into battle. They have to leave the trucks farther back than was done in the old A. E. F. Way back to the rear beyond the range of the

THE THUNDER OF  
OUR AIR FORCE  
ECHOES 'ROUND  
THE CLOCK



...MISSION COMPLETED...

...THEIR PRAISE ECHOES 'ROUND THE WORLD

No, they're of no "master race", these flying men of America. They're the boys from up the street, U.S.A., doing their big job in the only way a determined American knows—the way of a winner!

\*\*\*\*\*

It was important for Warner Bros. to produce a picture about these boys. For this company is dedicated to making the precious hour you spare for motion picture entertainment count to the fullest in its contribution to America's morale. 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' is one of our current examples . . . So is 'Casablanca'.

And now we have 'Air Force'. We've poured everything into making this story. But its element of greatness comes from those who are living it—the fighting heroes of the American Air Force.

The editors of LIFE say "Air Force" will be one of this year's Ten Best". But it was when the N. Y. TIMES said, "Air Force" leaves you feeling awfully good" that we of Warner Bros. knew a little of the satisfaction our boys at the front know when reporting "mission completed — we're ready for more".

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

WARNER BROS. ARE NOW PRESENTING



Air Force

with John Garfield • Gig Young • Harry Carey • Geo. Tobias • Arthur

PRODUCED BY HAL B. WALLIS

★ HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

Kennedy • Jas. Brown • John Ridgely . . . as the Men Who Loved 'Mary Ann' — The Flying Fortress • Screen Play: Dudley Nichols

guns, they are strafed by planes which dive with both bombs and machine gun fire.

The doughboys have to take it from all the weapons of 1917-18 plus the planes—and more. They have to be up with the guns to back up the tanks and even help break a way for the tanks to do their work in fanning out on an enemy's rear.

Only they can take and hold a position after bombs and shells have blasted it. They have to dig trenches, and dug outs

and dig the deeper to protect them from bomb as well as shell bursts. They have to work their way up from fox hole to fox hole dug in the mud or rocky soil.

War is war still, man against man, in the match of will, skill, courage. It is still a question of which side can give and take the most, a question of getting tougher and laughing off your troubles when the going is tough, for son as it was for father. And shush—shush! They do say on good authority that there are still trench rats and lice.

We of the parent A. E. F. did our part in winning a victory of arms which we thought was final only to find, as the years passed, that it was not. It is for son to win a victory which will really finish the job we began. Sons' victory fathers can share as a second war victory.

There is a heritage among the men of the two great Armies we sent overseas, which calls for sons in the ranks of The American Legion to carry on the fathers' tradition.

## REMEMBER MIGUELITO!

*(Continued from page 13)*

broke and he leaped at the black champion, who promptly fell over on his back and, as Miguelito came down on him, drove both gaffs to the hilt in the white bird's body. But Miguelito had done as much for the King of the Mountains and there they lay alongside each other and everybody knew that each had received a fatal thrust, that the bets would be paid on the bird that died last.

The fighting spirit was gone from the King of the Mountains but not from Miguelito, who dragged himself close to the fallen monarch and pecked out both his eyes without getting a return peck. All the black bird did was wearily strive to avoid the white bird's beak. Five times did Miguelito peck—and then both birds shuddered, stiffened and died, and no man could say that they had not perished simultaneously! The crowd began shouting for a draw, but the referee gave the fight to Miguelito because he had attacked first, because the black bird's wife had aided him not, because Miguelito had possessed a superior fighting spirit and had fought after the other bird had quit.

"I came home from that cockfight with thirty thousand-odd pesos in my poke," the old Marine finished, "and had the good sense to hand it over to my wife, who invested it and made it grow and made me promise never again to indulge in such barbarous sport. As a result, when I retired a year ago, we were enabled to make an old dream come true—a lovely little farm where we were almost launched in the poultry business when I was ordered back to service.

"The moral of this story, of course, is that Miguelito, owned by a Marine, had imbibed the spirit of the Corps. He used his head and when action was joined he carried through and the impulse to quit wasn't in him. So he got in the last peck! Marines, if we are attacked, the battle cry of this detachment will be: Remember Miguelito! This packet carries so much life insurance I suspect she's not going to be part of a convoy but is going places on her own and may have to fight to get there. We

might win through if we're able to shoot straighter and faster than the enemy."

He had gun crews by the time the *Arapahoe* cleared Cristobal and headed into the South Atlantic. Five days later the master awakened him at five A. M. with the news that the sound detection device had picked up a twin screw steamer at midnight that seemed to be paralleling their course; that she had hove to, without a sound when they hove to, and seemingly changed course when they changed it.

Immediately the old Marine roused his gun crews; they had breakfast and at six o'clock were standing by their loaded guns waiting to see what the dawn might bring forth. The old Marine held a conference with his non-coms and gave them his battle plan; then he set up his old field artillery range-finder on top of the house and waited for a target to loom off to starboard, the while the *Arapahoe*'s doughty skipper, harkening to the old Marine's request, headed the freighter for the distant beat of the strange steamer's propellers and knew by the increased clarity of them that the stranger was heading toward the *Arapahoe*!

A medium heavy mist was on the sea . . . suddenly the strange steamer loomed up in it and on her forecastle

head and poop the old Marine saw gun crews at long guns; she had two three-inch antiaircraft guns on her bridge and a battery of machine guns on top of her house. From her jack-staff floated the Nazi flag. A raider!

"Range fourteen hundred! Commence firing!" the old Marine shouted and a runner relayed the order aft. The two gunnery sergeants stepped the range up to fifteen hundred yards because a cold gun shoots short . . . the old Marine saw the crews melt away from the raider's forecastle gun as the starboard Bofors and the two heavy machine guns blasted into them; then a five-inch shell from the poop gun lifted the enemy's forecastle gun off its mount and was an instant later silenced by a direct hit from the raider's poop gun.

The old Marine ran aft and gazed from the break of the house down on the poop. The gun was looking skyward, its crew lying around it . . . he ran forward in time to see two high explosives shells flower neatly over his forecastle gun and knock out all of the crew but one; he ran into the wheel house and yelled to the skipper to swing the *Arapahoe* so the port Bofors could come into action; then he dropped down the companion to the forward well deck and arrived on the forecastle head to dis-



"Show me where Tokyo was before me brudder joined th' Marines."

*LISTEN TO A VOICE FROM THE GOOD "GAY 90's"...*

*Enjoy this D*

*istinguished Whiskey, sir!*



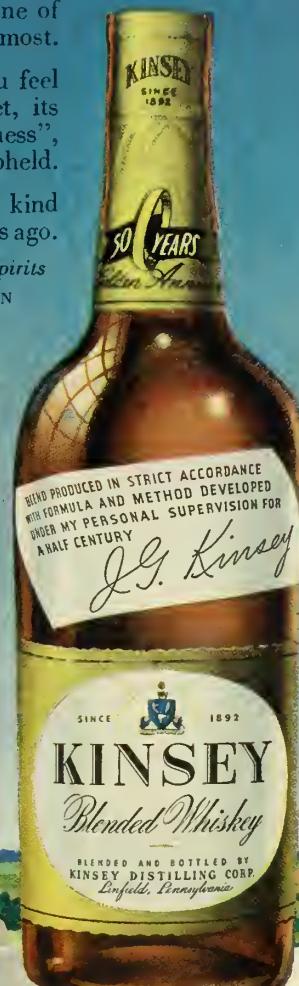
Back in those gay and lusty days,  
when men knew and loved fine  
food and drink, Kinsey was one of  
the whiskies they cherished most.

As you sip Kinsey today, you feel  
that behind its rare bouquet, its  
smoothness, its "light-heartiness",  
a fine tradition is being upheld.

That is right. Kinsey is *your* kind  
of whiskey—as it was 50 years ago.

86.8 Proof • 65% grain neutral spirits

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Linfeld, Pa.



SINCE 1892

KINSEY

*Golden Anniversary*

BLENDED WHISKEY

*Fifty Years*



*"I wish the Sergeant wouldn't keep saying  
'Hip, hip, hip, all the time'."*

cover the lone survivor had the gun loaded and was about to insert the primer.

The old Marine slid in on the saddle, shoved his face into a panoramic sight and got the raider's poop gun squarely in the crosshairs. Firing that gun at about a thousand yards by direct laying was like firing a rifle; two rounds had been fired from it and it was hot now and the shell went home through the taffrail and exploded in front of the gun mount.

"That puts his heavy stuff out of action," he shouted to his gun crew, a boy of not more than eighteen. He pulled the breech block and the kid ran the swab in and out, while the old Marine picked up a shell and shoved it into the gun; the kid seated it with the rammer staff and the old Marine placed the powder charge and shut the breech; the kid set the primer and the old Marine was about to sight when a machine-gun bullet lifted one leg out from under him; another struck his right shoulder and jerked him around and a third ripped through the back of his left hand. He sat down on the deck abruptly and when the kid bent over him to drag him out of the way he said: "About forty feet aft of her funnel at the waterline, kid, I'm through."

He sat up and saw the burst of the shell on the spot indicated. Then a cloud

of steam commenced pouring up the raider's fiddle and the old Marine knew that shell had found her boilers, that her engine room crew must leave or be cooked. He saw the tracers from his heavy machine guns one moment spraying the raider's antiaircraft guns and then there was a burst on top of the house and his machine guns had been liquidated. But the Bofors guns still were in action, following orders; they knocked out the raider's machine-gun crews but her three-inch guns tore through the *Arapahoe's* bridge and the house and set it afire; almost instantly the raider's bridge burst into flame and then the *Arapahoe's* starboard Bofors got a direct hit; the port Bofors traded fire with the raider and had practically neutralized both the latter's three-inch guns before it was put out of action.

The kid at the *Arapahoe's* forecastle gun shrieked as he rammed another shell home. "Remember Miguelito! Master Gunnery Sergeant, don't die until you see me get the last peck."

"Hold it, son. She knows we'll get her now, so she's turning away. Take her at the waterline under the fantail when she shows her tail."

The kid loaded the gun and waited, his blue eyes on the old Marine, and when the latter nodded, a five-inch shell ripped into the raider's hull and she commenced turning and slowly came about

## LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

In this time of war "Eveready" flashlights and batteries are vital equipment, both at the front and at home. Here's how you can help conserve the critical materials they're made from:

Don't buy a new flashlight if the old one can be repaired. Don't hoard batteries. Use them sparingly.

*The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.*



# EVEREADY

TRADE MARK

in a half circle, broadside on again, and presently the kid gave her another in the engine-room and as the *Arapahoe* circled her victim five more shells ripped into her hull and, with her house a blazing inferno now, she lay hove to, her steering gear wrecked, her engine-room afire and steam-filled, her crew dead or scalded; with her steam pressure rapidly falling to zero she would, presently, be a floating hulk.

"Keep pouring it on her, kid," the old Marine croaked.

"Sorry, but I got some of that machine-gun stuff myself, Master Gunnery Sergeant, and now I'm pooped." The youngster collapsed beside the gun and lay there, silently suffering. Then: "Did I do all right, Master Gunnery Sergeant?" he asked wistfully.

"You're a Marine, Miguelito! You'll do until a better man shows up."

"That," said the kid, "is praise from Caesar."

The *Arapahoe's* crew subdued the fire and presently the old man came up on the forecastle head and gazed about him. "We're scarred up some," he addressed the two wounded men, "but still in business. I've radioed the president of Brazil the enemy's position and asked him to send something out to polish that raider off. The United States Army Air Base at Trinidad picked it up and radioed me to stand by; they're sending seaplanes

THE O.W.I. REPORT ON

# The American Soldier and Sobriety

Facts quoted direct from the official statement by  
the United States Government's Office of War Information:

1. "There is not excessive drinking among troops, and drinking does not constitute a serious problem."

2. "The sale of 3.2 beer in the post exchanges in training camps is a positive factor in Army sobriety."

3. "No American army in all history has been so orderly."

"This American Army may or may not be the best in the history of armies, but it is certainly the best behaved."

"The approach of the military authorities to the problem is not prohibition, but control."

"The problem of control in general requires different methods in different localities . . . Strict law enforcement by civilian authorities and full co-operation with Army authorities usually means an orderly relationship."

"In dry states and in states where there is local option, the military faces the problem of bootleg liquor. Bootleggers cannot be regulated; legal dispensers can be regulated."

"Enlightened self-interest is one of the most effective regulators. Tavern associations in many cities have set up their own rules of conduct . . . to make sure their members 'stay in line.'"

" . . . various state branches of the Brewing Industry Foundation—the

beer manufacturers' enlightened trade organization—have taken the initiative. Through control of distributors the Foundation has been able to clean up unsavory places. The Foundation's . . . system works."

"The sale of 3.2 beer in Army camps is a healthy and sensible arrangement. The fact that there is vastly less drinking among soldiers in this war than in the last war . . . may stem in part from this sale of beer in camps."

"In the last war camps were bone-dry. As a result, bootleggers did a thriving business."

"Conditions in a certain dry Texas town offer a current example of the unhappy results of complete prohibition. On one side of town is a military reservation where beer is sold on post."

"On the other side of town is a reservation where the commanding officer has dried up the post entirely. This is the

post which has a policing problem and a lower morale."

"The case for 3.2 beer is presented thus by chaplains and military police alike: it provides soldiers with a mild relaxation without impairing their efficiency . . .

"There is no indication that sale of beer lowers the number of total abstainers. Statistics . . . present a pretty accurate picture of conditions as they exist in all camps . . . more soft drinks than beer are sold in canteens . . . by 33 per cent."

"The American soldier needs neither curtain lecture nor apology. He behaves well, he trains well, and in the far-flung places of the earth he is fighting well. He is intelligent, he is able, he is a hard worker. He is serious of purpose because he fully understands the gravity of war. His commanding officers believe in him and his chaplains are proud of him."

*The report of the Office of War Information was an independent objective study carried out without the knowledge of the brewing industry, and publication of excerpts here in no way implies endorsement of the product.*

Published by Brewing Industry Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York City

to bomb her and pick up our wounded. Apparently no subs reported in this area."

"Don't pick up her survivors," the old Marine warned, "or they'll take the *Arapahoe* away from you. What happened to the rest of my command?"

"Your command," the skipper said, "has sustained one hundred percent casualties and half of them will go overboard to-night. I suppose an army officer will come aboard and attend to the funeral."

A Marine general flew down to the Trinidad base and pinned the Medal of Honor on the kid. The old marine al-

ready had one so they gave him the Navy Cross.

The general looked over at the old Marine's left hand. "Looks like a chicken's claw, master gunnery sergeant," he said. "Your fighting days are over. It's back to retirement for you, with enough compensation to put you on active service pay till the finish. This young man we will hold on to, however. Lots of fight left in him yet, and we need good fighters like him."

"Thank you, sir," said the old Marine. "Even without the retired pay I'm safe. We have four thousand pullets ready to start laying in the spring and

a good White Leghorn hen should earn her owner a dollar a year net and then sell to the butcher for seventy-five cents."

"You always did have a fancy for chickens," the general said. "I remember at Cavite twenty-five years ago you were reduced from corporal to private for violation of orders against indulging in cock-fighting."

The old Marine was embarrassed. "I was young and heedless in those days, sir."

The kid laughed and made a pecking motion at the master gunnery sergeant.

## NEWS DOESN'T STAY HOT

*(Continued from page 5)*

audience realizes that I'm in the market for news to tell.

So, my friends become reporters of the news.

When a story breaks . . . a fire, an accident, a plane crash . . . they call me almost before they call the police or the ambulance.

They call, also, when a neighbor needs a wheel-chair; when a flock of cars are needed to take orphans to the ball game or the Santa Claus party.

They call me for blood donors and they call me for help in locating missing persons, and vice versa, sometimes they call me to locate the homes of folks. As in the case of nine-year-old Willie Masters, who dived into one of the shallow fountains at City Hall thinking it was a swimming pool.

Willie is more dead than alive when he reaches the city hospital.

He's unidentified, and crying for his mother.

A receiving ward clerk calls me and I wind up my next broadcast with the story and description of the lad.

Three minutes later my phone rings.

A woman asks me to repeat the boy's description.

She's a school teacher—she believes the boy is one of her pupils.

She says she'll check up on the boy, and she calls me back in ten minutes to say that's the one—that it's Willie—and that his folks send me their thanks and are on the way to the hospital.

Yes, they call about a lot of things that is news in these intimate days of radio news.

Back in the days before radio news, they called the papers.

On every city desk there was a World Almanac and close at hand a human encyclopedia for the answering of the hundred and one questions received each day—for the settlement of what we called in those days the "bar-room" arguments.

Now, however, the city desks are enjoying a holiday.

It's easier to call Erle, the radio newsman.

And it's fun to talk to him, too. And, believe it or not, he thinks it's great fun to hear from you!

Cooped up in a hot, stuffy, cigarette-stubby room with six or eight clattering teletypes, he pours real sweat and blood into a script that brings you every major headline—right up to the minute—and he turns out not one but perhaps a dozen brand new editions of the news in a normal working trick of eight hours.

Between times, he answers the phone and shuts himself up in his little studio

talking to a cold-blooded device of metal and carbon he usually salutes with the gusty greeting, "Well, Mr. Mike, here we go again, and I hope we're not talking to ourselves."

Pouring the latest world, national and local news happenings into that microphone, you sometimes wonder if anyone's listening.

You hope so, but you'd get scared clear down to your toes if you ever stopped to think how far your voice is going.

Then, one night, there's a call from a town 320 miles away, from the brother



"I know, Herren, I should pin it ofer mine heart, but on parade I tore my pants und had nodding else!"

## SEND YOUR MAGAZINE



## TO A BUDDY IN SERVICE

of a missionary you've just reported killed by the Japs in Formosa.

Again there's a call from another listener four States away who's heard you say that his brother has just received the Navy Cross at Guadalcanal.

And there are a myriad others to jolt you up—to keep you on your toes—to remind you that you're their radio newsman, and you *do* have listeners.

But these are not all the calls you get that keep you on your toes.

The ones that really make you step come right out of a clear sky—come at the last moment before air time—come at a moment when you're sitting there awaiting the go-ahead with a radio news masterpiece in your hands.

Then—well, let's just run over a few.

The afternoon in March of 1937 when my phone rings and an excited voice says he is Joe Doakes, a radio amateur in a neighboring town, and he's been talking with another "ham" in Texas, who gave him an eye-witness, on-the-spot, running account of the New London High School explosion that killed 293 youngsters and teachers.

My pencil fairly flies over the paper, taking down the running account. Joe says he hears me every time I broadcast and wants me to have a scoop.

I gulp out my thanks, and race to the teletypes.

Sure enough, there's the flash, and that's all I need.

I have the details—a scoop if I ever had one—dumped right into my lap—because a guy named Joe likes the way I tell the news!

Then there was the time the Kansas City Southern engineer stopped his train out in the East Bottoms and rushed to a signal tower phone to call me.

"Erle," he panted, "I just saw a yellow monoplane crash over to the northeast near the Milwaukee bridge."

I thanked him—believe me, from the bottom of my heart—from a heart gripped in an icy chill.

There's only one yellow monoplane at the municipal airport, and that one



# Famous

## the World Over...



All honor to  
Col. James Crow, the  
man whose pioneering  
genius made Kentucky  
whiskey famous all  
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Those in the know...ask for

# OLD CROW

*A Truly Great Name*

**AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

**WAR NOTE:** Our distilleries are 100% engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey was made years before America entered the war.

**BUY WAR BONDS!**

**BOTTLED-IN-BOND**

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corp., N.Y.

belongs to an old buddy I flew with in World War One.

In fear and trembling, I call him.

The girl says he's out.

"Flying?" I stammer.

"No, he went uptown on business."

Relieved, I ask who's flying the yellow monoplane.

She says the chief pilot for the school and a friend have taken two girl friends up for a ride. I get all names and details. Then I break the news as gently as I can, hang up, and reach for my microphone with another real scoop!

Best scoop of all, though, was the time—not so many months ago—when the test crew for a local bomber plant took one up and it went haywire and couldn't be landed.

For nearly an hour, the trio battles the aerial merry-go-round to get it out into the open country before trying to bail out.

That way, it won't jeopardize so many houses in crashing.

I stumble onto the story when I hear two police motorcycles sirenning their way north on Oak Street past my office.



*A new building of the Bell Telephone Laboratories*

## Reason for Confidence

More than ninety per cent of American scientists are engaged in beating the Germans and Japanese.

More than ninety per cent of American scientific laboratory facilities are devoted to the same task.

American scientists are working at this job six or seven days a week, long hours, with few interruptions.

They are getting somewhere, too.

Every now and then the Germans and the Japanese have an unpleasant surprise.

They find that American science has caught up with them and passed them.

It is reassuring to us and discouraging to our enemies, for American scientific facilities are the greatest in the world. And they are functioning.

Little by little, some of the things that have been developed become public, but most of them you won't hear about until after the war.

But now, without the details, you can have faith that American research—industrial and academic combined—is giving our fighting forces an advantage.

Along with other American industry, the Bell Telephone System has its own Bell Laboratories—the largest in the world—working overtime for victory.

### BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



*Your continued help in making only vital calls to war-busy centers is a real contribution to the drive for victory*

Phoning the dispatcher, I learn what's up.

"If you look out your north window," he advises, "you can see the plane up about 15,000 feet just east of Parkville."

Sure enough, there it is, flying like a crazy man.

And as I watch, out plop three parachutes—and I wonder if that's all.

Then, keeping an eye on the gyrating plane, I pound out a running story of the incident.

In a little while, other watchers call me to the window.

"She's about to go in!" they say.

And we watch the bomber—seemingly fighting off destruction to the end—go through one last loop and then plunge a thousand feet to wind up in a ball of fire on the horizon and a column of smoke for a grave marker.

I call the field—I call the plant.

At both places the story's the same—no information!

They won't even verify the fact that three men jumped—that there were no more on board.

Then—more welcome than any other bells in all the world—my phone rings!

"Hello, Erle?" says a voice. "This is Tom Jones up at Nashua and I've got one of your flyers!"

"My flyer? Put him on, Tom, and thanks a million!" I fairly shout.

The chap gets on the wire, tells me who he is—who was with him—names and addresses—what happened.

He's the flight engineer.

He landed in Mr. Jones's berry patch, and the co-pilot landed in the next field.

They're both okay, and they'd like me to get them a car right away so they can get back to town.

I tell him I'll do that little thing pronto, but first I'll have to phone back to verify the call.

He gives me the number and as soon as I call him back, I call the police dispatcher, and in four minutes there's a State car at the door in suburban Nashua to pick up the engineer and co-pilot.

But how about Lloyd, the pilot?

What's happened to him?

And then, the phone rings again.

"Hello, Erle?" comes the voice. "This is Lloyd!"

"Well, fine, my friend," I tell him, "and how about the happy landing?"

He says his chute dropped him at Morris, two miles west of Nashua, and he'd like a car—quick.

"You see," he goes on, "the others bailed out first—it was the first time for all of us—and then, when I reached around to shut off the gas cocks, the hatch blew off, and the suction pulled me right out of the plane."

He says he has a bad cut on his arm, but otherwise is okay.

Sure glad, he says, that the cut is on his arm and not on his head.

Otherwise, he might not have had sense enough to pull the rip cord.

I tell him about the return call for verification purposes, and make it, and get him a police car in six minutes.

Even the police dispatcher wants to know how I'm getting the story, but I stall him off and tell him to listen at 9:30.

That's a commercial broadcast, and, realizing I have a scoop, I hang onto it to give my sponsor the full benefit.

At 9:30, I broadcast more details of the story than they know—even at the field, or the plant.

And even the papers next morning rehash the details I put on the air less than 35 minutes after the plane crash occurred.

How come?

Well—I don't deserve any credit!

The story merely is another that's dumped into my lap.

It's just one of those things that happen only in radio news.

One of the members of that test crew is a listener—I tell him the news whenever he can get near a radio set at my times on the air.

And he knows I can get action—that I can get police cars to himself and the other members of the crew without much delay.

And being their first jumps—and not knowing how they'll turn out—they want help—and want it fast.

So, the last thing they do—the last thing before they jump—those three fellows make a compact to telephone Erle Smith just as soon as they land safely.

Me? Why, I'm just the fellow who tells the news—the fellow who can get you a police car or a wheel-chair in a jiffy—with the aid of my buddy—Mr. Mike!

## A JOB AFTER DISCHARGE

(Continued from page 31)

Division in the placement of service men in jobs. This organization has 1,500 permanent offices; some 3,500 visiting centers, and 22,000 employees handling placements, without costs. They have years of experience in this field and contacts with the majority of employers in the United States. They are looked to as the source of employment for service men, and particularly during the continuance of the war all employment is channeled through them, in order that it may be placed to the greatest advantage in the war effort and that labor seeking new employment shall be directed to those areas where most needed, and in the case of the service man, where it will also afford him the best opportunity of employment. The Veterans Placement Representatives were originally established, at the request to The American Legion, to safeguard the interests of veterans of World War I. Their duties are

now extended to embrace World War II veterans in need of employment.

The task of re-integrating an armed force of 10,000,000 men, after several years of an all-out war, into the civilian economy of a country the size of the United States is a major operation, obviously requiring the united teamwork of the entire country. No paid agency that could be set up by the Government could possibly accomplish the entire task. While such an agency can be the spearhead and the mainstay, it needs the assistance of the entire community to back it up in order to make its work effective. In order to get the coördinated efforts of the country behind this special problem, there was organized the National Clearing House Committee, at a meeting in Chicago, October 9, 1942, at which the following organizations were represented:

American Iron & Steel Institute

American Farm Bureau Federation

### LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., *United States Treasury Post, Washington, D. C.*  
ERLE SMITH, *Westport Post, Kansas City, Missouri.*

ROANE WARING, *Memphis (Tennessee) Post.*

HAL MILLS, *General Frederick Townsend Ward Post, Shonghai, China.*

PETER B. KYNE, *Merced (California) Post.*

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS, *George Alfred Smith Post, Fairfield, Connecticut.*

FRED B. BARTON, *Summit Post, Akron, Ohio.*

MILDRED DANFORTH KIBBLE, *Bothwell Kone Unit, Fort Worth, Texas.*

FREDERICK PALMER, *City Club Post, New York City.*

LAWRENCE J. FENLON, *Logon Square Post, Chicago, Illinois.*

HERBERT M. STOOPS, *First Division Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.*

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.



Every now and then you're bound to eat something that seems to weigh a ton later on, and causes sour, upset stomach, heartburn and gas discomfort.

When that happens, be gentle with your stomach—toke soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

Never Upset an Upset Stomach!  
Don't pile more trouble on an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

### Take soothing Pepto-Bismol!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating over irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Get a bottle today! If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

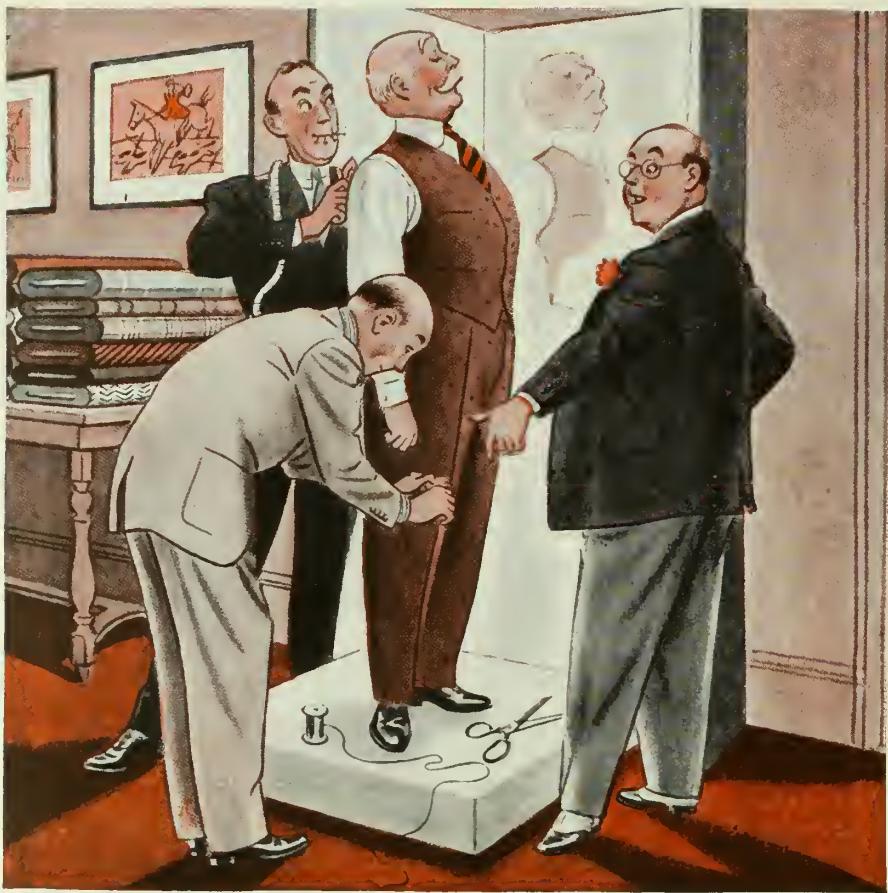
Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at drug store fountains.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**PEPTO-BISMOL**  
FOR UPSET STOMACH

(This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.)



**MEN WHOSE SUITS WERE**  
**MADE BY HIGH-PRICED TAILORS**  
**MAY ONCE HAVE PAID TOO**  
**MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT**  
**MANY OF THEM NOW DRINK**  
**M & M, AND REALLY GET THEIR**  
**MONEY'S WORTH. THEY FIND**  
**M & M IS A CONSIDERABLY**  
**MELLLOWER AND**  
**MILDER WHISKEY THAN**  
**MANY OTHERS COSTING**  
**MUCH MORE MONEY.**

**The best of 'em is**

# **M&M**

**(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKIES)**

**Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.**



\*American Federation of Labor  
 The American Legion  
 Chamber of Commerce, Junior,  
 U. S.  
 Chamber of Commerce, U. S.  
 Congress of Industrial Organ-  
 izations  
 Kiwanis International  
 Lions International  
 National Association of Manu-  
 facturers  
 National Exchange Club  
 National Grange  
 National Industrial Council  
 Rotary International  
 Veterans of Foreign Wars

The Chairman of the National Employment Committee of The American Legion was selected as Permanent Chairman of the National Clearing House Committee while the President of the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce was selected as Secretary.

The function of the National Clearing House Committee is both through the state and local organizations of the national groups represented at the meeting to organize in every community in the United States a local clearing house committee, consisting of representatives of every organized civic body in that community. In the local clearing house committees there will be included local organizations whose national organizations are not represented on the national clearing house committee. The fraternal orders, for example, were not invited to the national clearing house meeting because the bulk of their members are also members of the organizations represented there, and it was felt that it would make the national committee of unwieldy dimensions and would, in effect, constitute dual representation to add all of these orders.

The National Clearing House Committee is a completely autonomous and voluntary body, formed in response to the request of the Re-employment Division of the Selective Service System, but it is entirely self-governing and independent, and while the Re-employment Division works very closely with it, it does not hold membership on the committee.

The purpose of the local Clearing House Committee is to muster the entire resources and sentiment of the community behind the problem of returning our service men to civil life after the war. It will be an important part of its task to educate employers to the superior value of the veteran as an employee, and show them how much better John Doughboy, Joe Gob or Mary Wave is after graduating from the armed

\* Through inadvertence, because of the mistaken impression that the four great Railroad Brotherhoods were affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, separate invitations were not sent to them, but this is being remedied and they, with the Disabled American Veterans, are being invited to become members of this Committee.

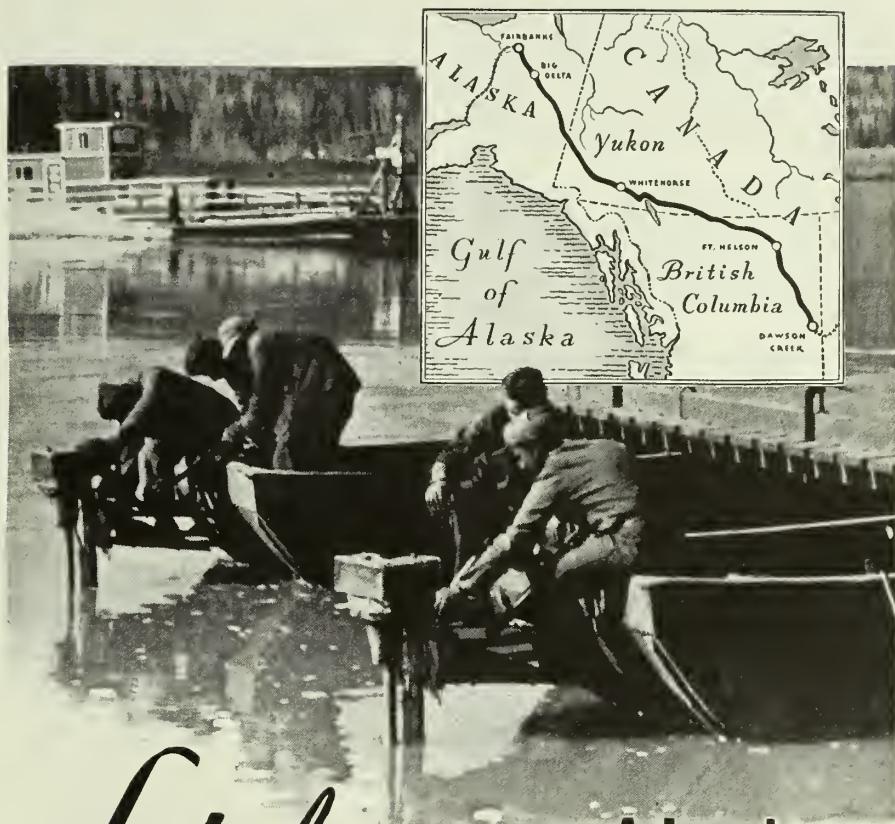


forces than he or she was before entering that efficient school for turning out top-notchers.

Another function for the Clearing House Committee will be the adjustment of any difficulties in returning service men to their old jobs, accomplishing this by educational methods, so that the employe will be taken back with a warm welcome, rather than forced upon an unwilling employer through action by the courts, which, to say the least, would provide the service man with an uncomfortable berth. While the power of the courts will be resorted to wherever necessary to enforce the rights of the service man, the Clearing House Committee regards every such case as representing a failure on its part to handle the case properly, and it does not feel that it has properly discharged its obligations to the service man if it merely rams him down the throat of an unwilling employer through a decree of the courts.

The Re-employment Division of the Selective Service System and the National Clearing House Committee feel that there will be very little occasion to resort to the courts in the matter of reinstating men in their jobs either as regards employers or labor unions. Between July 1, 1940 and December 31, 1942, for example, some 400,000 men were returned from the Armed Services to Civil life. The experience of the Re-employment Division in connection with the return of these men has been that in only two cases was it necessary to go into the court for the reinstatement of the men in their old jobs; that the total number of cases in which there were any misunderstandings or disputes was very small, and that all of the others were handled amicably by an appeal to reason and common decency, and that the most co-operative attitude has been taken by employers and labor unions, and Government departments, alike.

When jobs become scarce, it will be the function of the Clearing House Committees to create jobs within the community for the returning service man whom the U. S. Employment Service is unable to place, and it will be their task to see that this load is distributed



## Lifeline to Alaska

1600 miles across rivers and through forests... over mountains and muskeg... in 9 months U. S. Engineers create the Alcan Highway... and Evinrudes were on the job!

"Impossible... fantastic... monstrous," said the critics. Towering mountain ranges, vast wilderness, great rivers, every obstacle known to road builders blocked the way. A fraction of the project could easily take years to complete.

In March the Corps of Engineers swung into action. Miracles were demanded — and accomplished. The world knows only the results. In December the Alcan Highway was through! The lifeline for Alaska's defense and America's safety stretched securely from Dawson to Fairbanks, and trains of freighter trucks were rolling the length of it!

Alcan is a military highway now... but some peaceful summer to come you may decide to try your fishing luck in sporty lakes and rivers up near the Arctic Circle! Swiftly covering these spectacular miles you'll gain fresh appreciation of the greatest road building accomplishment in history!

We're proud that Evinrudes served on *that* job... and equally proud of the Evinrudes that are performing many another task for the army, navy and marines. Until Victory, Evinrudes are being built only for the armed services... then there will be brilliant new Evinrudes for peacetime pleasures again!



★ To speed the day of peace... buy MORE War Bonds.

EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Evinrude Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

**EVINRUDE**  
OUTBOARD MOTORS

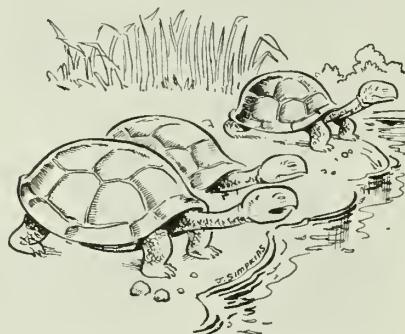
equitably among all employers in their community, and that the generous are not overloaded, nor the small of spirit escape carrying their share of the load, and that the distribution of jobs shall be handled without discrimination or favoritism.

In both functions, The American Legion will be able to play a most important part. The Legion constitutes one of the most important factors in moulding public opinion in all towns, and a major influence in the moderate-size and small communities. Their long record of service and interest in public affairs furnishes the local Legion Posts with a background that will make them most effective as a member of the team organizing their community in the return to a peacetime economy.

AMAJOR problem in handling the interests of the service man is in establishing proper contact with him. As the Legion well knows, he is as elusive as the proverbial eel. With the self-reliant nature developed by the soldier, and his habit of digging himself out of difficulties by his own efforts, he is prone to ignore all machinery set up for his use by the Government until he is in desperate circumstances, when the task of helping him is rendered far more difficult; many of his opportunities have been lost, and he himself gets in a frame

of mind that is an actual barrier to his own future success.

Experience has shown that no amount of printed information handed to the service man while in service suffices to keep contact with him, and the majority of distress cases encountered by Amer-



"She's been 100 years old  
for the last 400 years."

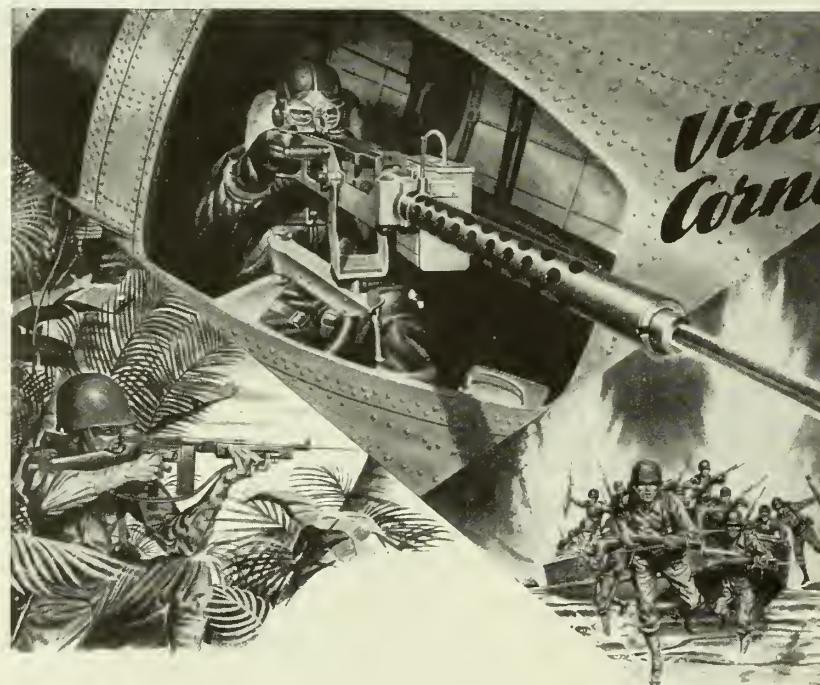
ican Legion Service Officers are due primarily to the man himself having failed to make contact with the agencies established by the Government to serve his needs. Personal contact and personal explanation to the individual man is the only adequate answer to this problem.

The conditions of service in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps in time of war are such that this personal contact with each man while still in the service, or

at the time of leaving the service, is a physical impossibility. While it is done to the greatest extent that conditions permit, it is still not adequate. It is, therefore, necessary to establish contact with each service man upon his return to his own family or community in order to make sure that he has been acquainted with all the agencies of the Government available for his use (should he need them) and informed of all his rights under the various laws for the protection of disabled veterans.

Obviously the most appropriate people to make this contact are the veterans of World War No. I, organized in the local American Legion Post, who have a bond in common with the veteran of World War No. II, many of whom are sons or brothers or nephews of Legionnaires.

It is planned, therefore, to have the veterans of World War No. I, through The American Legion, as part of the community service established under the local Clearing House Committees, contact the family of every man in their town in the Services and arrange to be notified of his return from the Armed Forces, so that they may meet him and advise him of the fact that he has not been forgotten, that the community and the Government are behind him, and that every resource the country possesses is being mustered to assure him of a satisfactory job.



*Vital GUNS .. to all  
Corners of the Earth*

As in 1917, our technical skill and large production capacity are devoted to the cause of winning a war.

Vast quantities of precision-built Browning machine guns are pouring forth to arm the rapidly growing fleets of bomber and fighter planes that are now attacking and bewildering the enemy in all corners of the globe.

Thompson submachine guns and military rifles are coming in continuous streams from round-the-clock production lines . . . vital equipment for Allied forces everywhere.

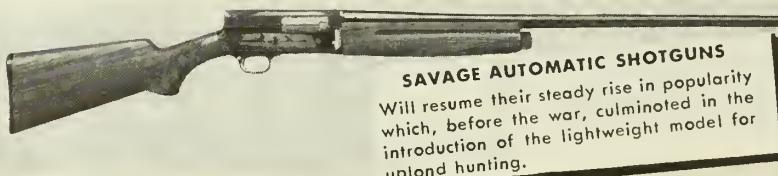
From such resources comes victory. And, after that, assurance of new and improved sporting arms, in ample supply.

Savage Arms Corporation, Utica, N.Y.



The Army-Navy "E" pennant—proudly flying above our Utica plant, now bears the White Star . . . awarded for continued high achievement in war production.

# SAVAGE



The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

If the returning veteran is in need of assistance. The American Legion Service or Employment Officer will then place him in contact with the Re-employment Committeeman of the Local Selective Service Board, or if he needs no assistance or desires no assistance, it is intended to get a clearance card from him to that effect, in order that an accounting may be made to the American public as to how the trusteeship of the interests of the service men has been discharged.

The American Legion has pledged its full resources to the winning of the war and its complete aid to all now serving in World War II. The time is not too early to plan for the return of these veterans as "Some Are Coming Back" now, as pointed out in the article under that title in the February issue of *The National Legionnaire*.

The local American Legion Post is being asked to designate one of its capable members, if it has not already done so, to act as the Post Employment Officer. He in turn will contact the Re-employment Committeeman of the local Selective Service Board and tender his services. Within the month the Veterans Placement Representative in each State will meet with the State representatives of the organizations comprising the National Clearing House Committee, and they in turn will prepare to organize in each community a local Clearing House Committee made up of representatives of every labor, industrial, business, service and patriotic organization in that community. The local Legion Post should be the spark plug of this local Clearing House Committee and be prepared to demonstrate that in truth and fact we are big brothers to all veterans of World War II, and will help them to a job as they finish the Big Job.

*For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.*

# Wise Rhymes for These Times



2.

His busy mate works long and late  
With women's groups galore!  
Enlists the skill that helps to fill  
The jobs to win the War.

1. William Bear has got a flair  
For helping OCD,  
And as director of a sector  
He knows a thing or three!



3. Because they match like key and latch,  
They're perfect, happy mates.  
And that's the clue to CALVERT too —  
A blend of noble traits.



4. For you will find rare traits combined  
In CALVERT Whiskey too —  
The milder, lighter, smoother, righter  
"Happy Blend" for you!

BE WISE!



Clear Heads Choose

# Calvert

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"



Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof — 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof — 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

# DON'T BRUSH FALSE TEETH WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

## DON'T DO THIS



Toothpastes, tooth powders, soap, household cleansers are not intended for false teeth—dental plates are much softer than natural teeth. Brushing with many of these "makeshift" cleaners wears down important "fitting ridges"—scratches polished surfaces, causing stains to collect faster and cling tighter.

## DO THIS!



### PLAY SAFE... USE POLIDENT

Do this daily: Put one level teaspoonful of *Polident* in  $\frac{1}{2}$  glass of lukewarm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 min. or longer—or over night if convenient. Rinse—and use.

Soaking plates and bridges regularly in *Polident* dissolves the ugly stains that collect daily, cleans those hard-to-reach corners, eliminates dangers of brushing.

### Beware of "Denture Breath"

The film that collects daily on plates and bridges, soaks up odors and impurities, often causing "denture breath." You may not know you have it—*others will!* Yet *Polident* used regularly dissolves film, leaving plates odor-free and sweet.

Millions call *Polident* a blessing.

**POLIDENT IS APPROVED** by the leading makers of modern denture materials and is recommended by many leading dentists.

### COSTS LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Try *Polident* for better cleaning and safety from brushing dangers. Generous 3 oz. size—30¢; economy 7 oz. size—60¢, at all drug, department and variety stores. Today—get *Polident*!

# POLIDENT

*The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

## LIFESAVERS

(Continued from page 21)  
benzene-sulfonamide," American, French, British, and still other German scientists experimented at one time or another with the Gelmo formula. Each contributed his bit in the field of chemical research but, like so many other great discoveries, the health-giving properties of sulfanilamide finally came to light as a result of a laboratory search for something else.

Those static years in sulfa development culminated in an article in the British medical journal, *The Lancet*, in June, 1936, and in reports of successful application of sulfanilamide as a healing agent in humans, all of which sent the American chemist, Dr. Moses L. Crossley, scurrying for still more information. As Chief Chemist of Calco Chemical Company since 1918, and as Research Director of American Cyanamid Company since 1936, Dr. Crossley, with his associates, had concentrated on chemotherapy for years, but most of their efforts, together with those of other American chemical research groups, had been in the field of correction of bodily aches and pains.

Armed with the latest data and inspired by a vision of things to come, Dr. Crossley, a life-long laboratory tinkerer himself, called together his group leaders. They carefully programmed their work to follow the trail of sulfanilamide, wherever it might lead, for from evidence at hand it appeared that Gelmo's chemical might be synthesized to create other and more specific drugs, more particularly applicable to various types of infections.

However, with no measure to go by,

no guide posts in this new field of chemotherapy, and being able to determine the next move only by analogy, it became rather a case of blazing the new trail of the sulfa drugs than a job of following the trail of sulfanilamide. Thousands of new products were synthesized, sometimes to arrive nowhere, sometimes to reach a lone conclusion. Long hours of seemingly useless work were chalked up to research which led only into blind alleys.

Modestly, Dr. Crossley refuses personal credit for the untiring laboratory work of the past six or seven years. Research at American Cyanamid is habitually accomplished with teamwork, and his job, he says, was to act only as the director or the coach. Nevertheless, Dr. Crossley's analytical ability to coordinate mazes of information gathered by his teams, his keen insight into viewpoints of fellow workers, and his courage and inspirational powers contributed greatly to the successes of American Cyanamid laboratories and had their effect on other chemical research groups in America and elsewhere that were currently striving in the same field.

Out of this world-wide welter of retorts and test tubes came, in 1938, sulfapyridine, found to be more efficacious than its antecedent in fighting pneumococci; assisted by the other sulfa drugs, it has reduced the pneumonia death rate from around 25 percent to below 10 percent. Because of nausea brought on in a large number of cases where sulfapyridine was used, however, doctors never were in accord that it was the ultimate nemesis of

(Continued on page 60)

## HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS?

If your address has been changed since paying your 1943 dues, notice of such change should be sent at once to the Circulation Department, The American Legion Magazine, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana. The one mailing list covers both The American Legion Magazine and The National Legionnaire—only one notice required. Also notify your Post of your change for future reference in making out membership cards.

Notice of change should reach us by the 25th of second month preceding date of issue on which it is to take effect. So many thousands are received each month that they must be handled in a methodical manner.

## BE SURE TO GIVE ALL INFORMATION LISTED BELOW

### NEW ADDRESS

Name ..... (Please Print)

Street Address etc. ....

City ..... State .....

1943 Membership Card No. ....

Post No. ..... State Dept. ....

### OLD ADDRESS

Street Address etc. ....

City ..... State .....



**HENRY L. INGRAM**  
**1896-1943**

**H**ENRY L. INGRAM, Department Commander of The American Legion of North Carolina, and one of the Vice-Chairmen of the National World War II Liaison Committee, died of a heart attack at his home at Asheboro on February 21st.

Born at Farmer, North Carolina, April 10, 1896, he was a sophomore at the University of North Carolina when our country entered the World War on April 6, 1917. On the following day he enlisted for service, and was sent to the second Officers Training School at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, from which he was commissioned a second lieutenant on August 15, 1917. He served overseas with the 7th and 81st Divisions; suffered machine gun wounds in the Meuse-Argonne Offensive on November 11, 1918. He had won a commission as captain while engaged in the Argonne fighting.

Returning to his home State, he established himself at Asheboro where he became active in the business, civic and political affairs of his home city and county. A member of Dixon Post at Asheboro since its organization, he had served his Post as its Commander, Adjutant, Service Officer, Athletic Officer, and on many committee assignments. He was a Past Commander of the 12th Legion District, and had served his Department as Membership Chairman in 1940-1941. He was elected Department Commander on June 23, 1942.

Engaged in the oil and gas business, Commander Ingram found time to enter actively into the affairs of his home area, and had served two terms in the North Carolina Senate; one six-year term as a Trustee of the State University.

Funeral services were conducted by The American Legion at Asheboro on February 23, attended by National Vice Commander John T. Batten of Birmingham, Alabama, representing the National Commander.



## I'm sorta in the Army now!

**Dad asked me** how would I like to be in the Army, and I said I'd like it swell, so he said okay, soldier, you're now on coyote detail.

Well, I'd never thought that knockin' off coyotes had anything to do with the Army, but Dad said it did, and I can see why now.

Take this fellow here, for instance. He's raised heck with our stock for a long time. And that meant less meat for our armed forces, who are knockin' off some even bigger coyotes on their own account.

Well, this coyote here was pretty smart . . . up to today. But today I found a fresh track of his, and the wind was right. Old Betts and I found him, and pow! One shot from my Remington . . . and one less critter.

I know Dad is gonna be mighty pleased about it, and of course I am, too. It shows I'm a pretty slick shot . . . if I do say so!

Here at Remington we are doing everything in our power to help smack down those "even bigger coyotes" . . .

—during 1942, Remington produced enough small arms ammunition to fire more than 300 times at every Axis soldier.

—during the last 7½ months of that year alone, Remington produced more small arms ammunition than the entire country produced during all four years of World War I.

—thousands upon thousands of military rifles were speeded to our armed forces all over the world.

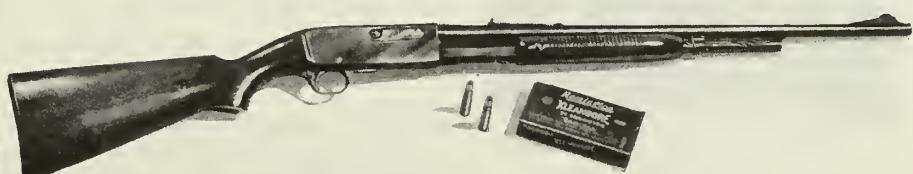
—and Remington has received four Army-Navy "E's."

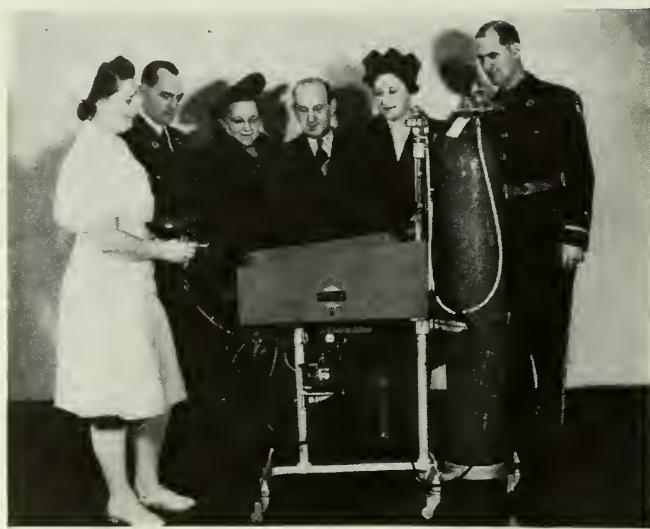


The many thousands of us who are Remington are grateful that we are able to serve our country. And after the war is won, we will be glad to serve our sportsmen friends again with the famous Remington line of sporting arms and ammunition. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

# Remington

**DUPONT**





When Colorado asked its Posts to contribute to the purchase of a resuscitator for state use, there was an almost 100 percent response. The Auxiliary did even better

"All of the credit for this presentation is justly due to our Posts and Units," says Department Adjutant M. L. Lyckholm. "We feel that this method of providing needed equipment to a hospital servicing an entire State may serve as a suggestion to other States where population is thinly spread and where State-wide coöperative effort is helpful to the children and new-born babes."

### Flag Presentation

Milton (Massachusetts) Post, says Legionnaire Robert C. Schimmel, Editor of the Post's monthly publication, has been hiding its light under a bushel. It has not been telling the world what it has been doing, he remarks when transmitting a picture taken when Commander Frederick A. York, Jr. (right in picture), and Adjutant Milo O. Bolton presented



Milton (Massachusetts) Post gave its Selective Service Board an American flag

services, and by no means least an active Post Chaplain, Rev. Markham W. Stackpole, seventeen years in that Post.

### Home Service

"I wonder if some other Post would be interested in what we are doing to help service men and their families," writes Ernest Niles, Service Officer of Frank Kresen Post of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. "Immediately upon entering the service we mail a copy of 'Fall-In' to each man from our community. Inserted in the service manual is a letter from the Post combining a friendly greeting and an offer of assistance through the service office or otherwise. Also with the manual goes a postal card which the service man is asked to fill out and return, to be kept as a permanent record. This card has spaces for name, serial number, rank, date and place of enlistment, date and place of birth and name and address of nearest relative.

"Later a service letter is mailed to the parents or wife of the service man, advising the home folks of the Legion's service department, of its willingness to help in any of the problems arising out of the absence of the son or husband, and at the same time calling attention to the Government insurance plan. This type of service will pay dividends in years to come. Certainly many men will have a feeling that back home there are friends prepared to go all the way out for their interests."

### A Record

Morgan McDermott Post of Tucson, Arizona, says K. F. Parke, Publicity Chairman, claims to be the only Post in the Legion that has three active members

an American flag to Selective Service Board No. 103 of Norfolk County. The flag was received for the Board by Member John B. Moore (center).

Presentation of the flag is only one of the varied activities of the Post —there's the aircraft warning tower and the men to keep it going; co-operation with various community programs and organizations; purchase of \$7,500 worth of Bonds; twelve members back in the armed

currently serving as commanders of the State organization of veteran groups: Stephen Tormey, Department Commander, The American Legion; Harry O. Juliana, Department Commander, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Daniel Coleman, Department Commander, Disabled American Veterans. A dinner was tendered to the three Department Commanders by Post Commander Thomas J. Adams on March 4th, after which they were the honor guests at a regular Post meeting.

### Posthumous Membership

Hands are clasped across the war fronts of 25 years as Portland (Oregon) Post honors the memory of the men who fall in the current global war. The names of ten men most of whom are now buried in the veterans plot in Lincoln Memorial Park—which the Post has the care of—have been enrolled posthumously in the membership lists of Portland Post No. 1. This procedure was authorized by the National Executive Committee at its November, 1942, meeting.

This new honor roll includes the names of men killed in combat with the enemy and others who have died from other causes. It also includes the name of one of the men, Lieutenant Robert S. Clever, Air Corps, who flew with Legionnaire Jimmy Doolittle in the raid on Tokyo.

A memorial board is planned to contain photographs, records and clippings of the part these members had in perpetuating our freedom. Personal contact is made with members of each family by Stuart M. Hulin, Memorial Chairman, and full approval is given before the individual posthumous enrollment is made.

### Cigarettes

"C. W. Francy Post of Oteen, North Carolina, during this past month arranged for the shipment of two hundred cartons of cigarettes to the men on the fighting fronts in North Africa and in the South Pacific," writes Earl W. Karm, Post Secretary.

"The Post itself paid for one case and sufficient funds were contributed by patients and personnel in the Veterans Hospital



### SEND YOUR MAGAZINE

Wots "Sawy" our lingo mean?  
It means we talk the same language!



### TO A BUDDY IN SERVICE

and by friends to buy three additional cases. Because of the fact that cigarettes can no longer be sent to men in the overseas armies without special arrangements through authorized channels, the campaign was welcomed by everyone—all wanted to do a little more for the men on the fighting lines.

### Legion Minstrels

The thirteenth annual minstrel show staged by Charles A. Hammond Post of Port Huron, Michigan, presented on March 3 and 4, was dedicated to "the boys from Port Huron who are now in the armed forces of our country." The net proceeds, amounting to \$2,000, was contributed to the Army and Navy Relief Funds. Commander R. A. McGregor says:

"This year we contacted different U.S.O. branches to see if they would like to put the show on, but met with some difficulty. We continued in partnership with the Schubert Club and, in spite of the difficult times, were more successful than in former years. The show, put on by local people with about 100 in the cast, is rehearsed three months before date of production. The theatre seats 1,300 and all tickets were sold out a week before the date of opening. The program was broadcast by WHLS, and the Auxiliary sold War Stamps during the intermission."

### New Veteran Officers

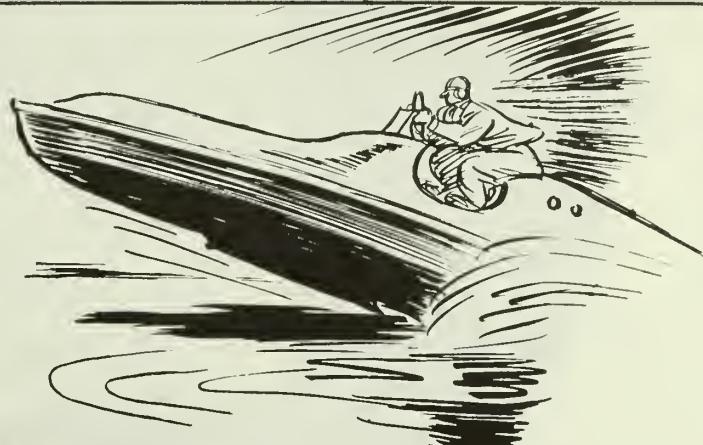
Veterans of the second World War who are enrolling in the Legion in considerable numbers are beginning to take their places in the ranks of Post officers. Considered national news by one of the big wire services, the New York papers—notably the *Times*—ran a dispatch on March 21 announcing the election of William E. Martin, World War II veteran, as a member of the Executive Committee of Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida. Legionnaire Martin, says the dispatch, enlisted in the Navy one week after the attack on Pearl Harbor, saw action aboard a warship in the South Pacific and was discharged because of injuries received in battle.

### Nick Has an Idea

"Here's an interesting story about what one of our members, Nick Lehier, has been doing," writes Adjutant Peter J. Olinger of Northtown Post, Chicago, Illinois. "Comrade Nick recently obtained employment in a defense plant. He is not married, and has no relatives or dependents in this country. He promised himself that he would buy a \$25 Bond every payday, which happens to be every week, and up to the time Past Commander Martin Miller told the Post about it, Nick had bought eight \$25 Bonds—naming Northtown Post as the co-owner of each and every certificate."

# Famous Highs

By  
C. A. Voights



## Motor Boat high!

TO SET A NEW WORLD'S MOTOR BOAT SPEED RECORD YOU'D HAVE TO BEAT 141.74 MILES PER HOUR! BUT TO SET A NEW HIGH IN BOURBON ENJOYMENT—JUST SAMPLE THE SMOOTHNESS OF TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!



## Batting high!

SINCE 1894 NO ONE HAS EQUALLED HUGH DUFFY'S BATTING AVERAGE— A SIZZLING .438! AND NO WHISKEY HAS EVER EQUALLED THE SMOOTHNESS OF TEN HIGH, THANKS TO "DE-ROUGHING."

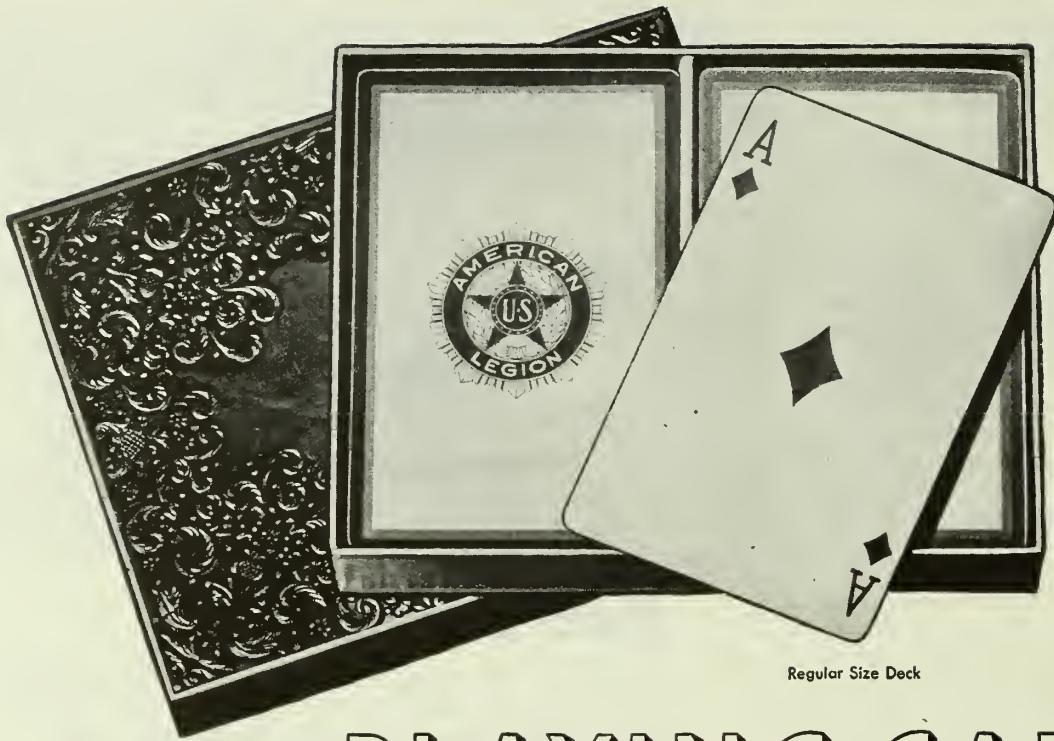


# ..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of *TEN HIGH* there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of *TEN HIGH* is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of *TEN HIGH* may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



#### PLAYTIME DECK

Preferred by men in the service. Can be conveniently carried in the pocket, handy for instant use any time or place. Size 1 5/8" x 2 1/2". Embossed emblem in colors on each box. We particularly recommend these Playtime cards for service men.

**35¢ each complete**  
10% discount if 25 or more decks are ordered at a time



► Your Post name, number and location will be imprinted without charge on a special label on each presentation box if 50 decks (25 double decks) are ordered at a time. Because of the limited space only the lettering "Presented by" and the Post name, number and location can be imprinted.

# PLAYING CARDS

► There is probably no other item which is more universally used and appreciated by service men than a deck of playing cards. These attractive and durable American Legion playing cards make ideal gifts and we suggest your Post plan now to present a deck to each inductee or service man from your community.

**REGULAR SIZE DECK**—For those who prefer the full-size playing cards we offer these attractive cards with the emblem beautifully reproduced on each card. One deck is in a combination of gray and blue and the other in gray and red. Boxed in two-pack or single-pack presentation cases.

**TWO-PACK CASE (two decks) each complete** \$1.50  
10% discount if 50 or more decks (25 packs) are ordered at a time

**SINGLE-PACK CASE (one deck only) each complete** 75¢  
10% discount if 50 or more decks are ordered at a time

SM43

Emblem Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please ship the following:

..... Regular Size Double Decks . . . @ \$1.50 per pack.....  
..... Regular Size Single Decks : . . . @ :75 per pack.....  
..... Playtime Decks . . . . . @ .35 per pack.....

Print Lettering Instructions .....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Serial No. of 1943 Membership Card.....

That's an idea worthy of adoption by other good Legionnaires similarly placed as to family obligations and dependents.

### Appreciation

Lee A. Lemos, Adjutant of Riverside (Rhode Island) Post, sent a copy of a letter received by the Post from a son of a member now in service: "I express my appreciation of the gift you sent me; it was not the gift itself that gave me so much joy as the remembrance that there is such an organization as The American Legion made up of our fathers who, not long ago, fought for the same ideals that we are now fighting for. . . . Everywhere that I have been I have seen The American Legion doing its best to bolster the morale of the service men. . . . As yet I have not seen active service, but I hope my chance is not too far away. I do know that there will be much in my favor when I do meet the enemy; I will have the better plane, the better training and by far the better cause. All I will need is the courage to do my part."

### Shorts and Overs

Carl Vogel Post of Lake Worth, Florida, recently presented a large portrait of the late Lieutenant A. R. Nininger, Jr., hero of Bataan, to his father, A. R. Nininger, Sr., at a public meeting of the Post. The presentation was made by Department Commander Sam McCahill. Lieutenant Nininger was awarded posthumously the Congressional Medal of Honor, the first one given for service in World War II. . . . Arlington (Massachusetts) Post, says Andrew A. Magnus, Publicity Officer, arranged a program for the presentation of a Distinguished Flying Cross to Owen McGurl, father of Lieutenant Eugene McGurl, an Arlington lad, who is missing in action. Lieutenant McGurl took part in General Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Tokyo, from which he returned safely. He was reported missing in June of last year. . . . Members of Cudworth Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, contributed 75 "pocket" guns in response to the Navy's request for small arms. . . . Lieutenant John J. Galvin Post of Greenfield, Massachusetts, spent \$1,275 of the fund raised by Armistice Day dances in 1941 and 1942 for the purchase of an iron lung for presentation to Franklin County Public Hospital. . . . Adjutant Harold S. Dyson of J. Morris Goring-William Kurtz Post of Wappingers Falls, New York, reports to the Stepkeeper that his Post has enrolled 25 veterans of the current war who have returned to their homes after discharge. The Post also has 18 veteran members who hold 25-year membership cards. . . . Finance Officer Charles E. Putz of Frank L. Simes Post, Rochester, New York, writes that his Post has enrolled Roland Frank Relyea, World War II veteran, the first to join.

BOYD B. STUTLER



IN GREECE, a weary British rearguard slogs over a bridge of the Corinth Canal. Engineers remain to lay demolition charges. Before they can be fired, German parachutists shower down, seize the bridge. Engineer Lt. Rawlingson escapes, hides in a hole. The Germans search frantically for the hidden TNT. Suddenly, Rawlingson spies one of the distant detonators—no larger than a cigarette, hanging by the connecting wire against the gray stone of the bridge. Raising his rifle, he sights carefully—fires! A deafening roar. Bridge and Germans fall, a tangled mass, into the Canal. The British trudge on toward their ships—*saved by a rifleman*. (This is a true story, except for the rifleman's name, from the September 1942 issue of *The American Rifleman*.)

• • • • •  
EVER SINCE rifling turned guns into deadly precision instruments, the trained rifleman has been the backbone of the army.

Our own history, especially, has been the history of men who shot faster and straighter than their foes. But America is no longer "a nation of marksmen"—*less than 2% of inductees know anything about rifle arms*. That is why fire-arms manufacturer O. F. Mossberg & Sons, Inc. urges *all* owners of .22 calibre rifles to . . .

## Share your rifle with your neighbor



*Under the nationwide Training Program sponsored by the National Rifle Association, Washington, D.C.*

This program trains *qualified men* in the use of small arms. It is invaluable to civilian defense units, guards, etc., and to *all* prospective service men. Even quartermasters, signal corps and cooks are armed—and must learn how to shoot—in this war. And the basic principles of aiming and trigger release are the same for riflemen, artillerymen, pursuit pilots and bombardiers.

So . . . share your rifle with your neighbor, under the NRA training program. Help teach patriotic boys—and men—how to use a gun. Ammunition is made available through the National Rifle Ass'n. *Join, or start, a local rifle club—now!*

Take a *real step* toward making America, once more, a nation of marksmen—*unconquerable!* Mail the coupon for helpful, free booklets—today.

**O. F. Mossberg and Sons**

Today, 100% in war work. In normal times, manufacturers of 22 cal. RIFLES, SHOTGUNS, TELESCOPE SIGHTS, TARGO GUNS & EQUIPMENT

O. F. Mossberg and Sons, Inc.  
3675 St. John St., New Haven, Conn.  
Please send my copy of "The Guidebook to Rifle Marksmanship."

Please send me the N. R. A. booklet on how to organize and conduct a shooting club.

Check  
booklets  
desired

Name \_\_\_\_\_ PLEASE PRINT \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 54)  
pneumococci, and this spur led to the American development of sulfathiazole, in 1939. This member of the sulfa family helped solve the nausea problem, but

it is slower-acting than its predecessor, sulfapyridine, but equally effective.

Just a year later, in 1940, Dr. R. O. Roblin, Jr., the "quarterback" on one of Dr. Crossley's American Cyanamid

teams, achieved a further advance by synthesizing still another sulfa product—sulfadiazine, which proved nauseating in only about one percent or so of the cases, had a rapidity of operation against the virulent microbes between that of sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole, and has been miraculously effective. Also in 1940, from the researchers came sulfaguanidine, found to have high activity against intestinal infections, such as bacillary dysentery, always one of war's greatest killer-allies among the diseases.

## Ah-h-h!..that wonderful BRIGGS!



**There's no short cut** to the glorious ripeness you'll find in Briggs tobacco. It takes nothing less than cask-mellowing for long, slow years—longer than many costly blends receive. But it's worth it! For that's how Briggs develops its tender, rich flavor . . . its full-bodied, satisfying goodness . . . its savory, tantalizing aroma. Why not promote your pipe to Briggs today?

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

## Look FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON THE BAT YOU BUY!

● Your bat must be right to get the most out of your hitting ability. Any champion will tell you that—and then prove his point by showing you his own Louisville Slugger. So look for the famous Slugger trade-mark when you buy—it's been a guarantee of highest quality since 1884.

Your dealer also has the official Louisville Slugger Softball Rule Book for 1943.  
**HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.**  
Incorporated  
LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY



Louisville Slugger Bats are the choice of the champions in every league. If you are interested in the Baseball Records of 1942—and other information on the game and players, send 5c in stamps for a copy of the "Famous Slugger Year Book for 1943," or 10c for copy of the Softball Rule Book. Address Dept. L-21.



FOR SOFTBALL AND BASEBALL  
**LOUISVILLE SLUGGERS**  
THE BATS OF THE CHAMPIONS

In the army treatment of gangrene, sulfanilamide is used as a powder applied directly to the wound and given internally, along with appropriate serum therapy. Reports coming from overseas speak highly of the success of this treatment.

Post-operative, local and infected wounds are given treatment with the

Magic Drugs and infection of burned areas of skin is prevented through their use. In fact, reports from all the major battle fronts of the present worldwide war mention the Magic Drugs most prominently.

The War Department recently announced that all American soldiers assigned to combat duty are provided with a package of crystalline sulfanilamide, in addition to the 12 sulfanilamide tablets, for internal use, which are included in each first-aid kit. To prevent mis-use of this powerful but helpful drug, each unit to which the drug is issued receives explicit instructions from medical officers for its proper use, and periodic checks are made to be sure each man has his quota.

FROM the information that can be gathered, it seems the mode of treatment with plaster, the use of tetanic anti-toxin and gangrene anti-toxin, in combination with our Magic Drugs, is the surgical answer for reducing the casualties induced through the infection of wounds and improper as well as tardy treatment.

Unquestionably it is evident medical treatment in World War Two will be far different from that in World War One.

Diseases such as pneumonia, infections following surgery, meningitis, gonorrhea, and urinary infections are now responding to treatment with the Magic Drugs in an almost unbelievable manner. It is a coincidence that during the first World War, arsphenamine, or 606, came into considerable prominence in the treatment of syphilis. This, like our Magic Drugs, was a product of the dye industry.

Likewise, the Magic Drugs in the hands of the initiated accomplish the results expected—in the hands of the uninitiated they prove to be extremely dangerous.

The Magic Drugs are for the use of the physician and surgeon—for when used thoughtlessly for self medication, they become very perilous. The case of the soldier on the battlefield becomes one of emergency, in which he must do the best he can with the knowledge he has—and case histories to date indicate he is doing exceptionally well in helping to take care of himself.

We owe much to the investigators who, through exhaustive and patient experimentation, produce the products which either destroy the causative factor or develop in the body a protective substance which provides the necessary immunity.

Then, to the chemist in his laboratory, observing through the microscope the action of the chemical products formed in his test tubes and flasks, which effectively destroy one of man's greatest enemies, the streptococcus, we owe an everlasting debt of gratitude.

# LUXURY TREAT

WHEN GOOD  
FRIENDS MEET

*There is  
nothing better in  
the market*



100 PROOF  
KENTUCKY  
STRAIGHT  
BOURBON  
WHISKY

Famous  
**OLD FORESTER**  
*America's Guest Whisky*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC. • At LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY

# STAND? OR BE SUPPORTED?

(Continued from page 14)

and a citizenry given their bread and circuses, as in old Rome, in the form of complete security provided by Government, on a low scale, and their "adventure," again like the old gladiator fights, provided by the same Government instead of the real adventure of America, its challenges and its illimitable opportunities to go to heaven or hell in your own way?

Where do we draw the line for the duties of government to its citizens? I would say, at that point at which government sees to it that the individual is protected against forces, economic or military or other, too strong for him to handle alone, but never crossing the line to kill the spirit of initiative, the "chance" which every American has always loved to take and which has made

both him and America. In complex modern industrial civilization there are many things the individual can no longer do for himself alone, but that does not mean that there are not yet an infinitude of things he *can* do. Coddle him, and do everything for him, and you will only train up a race of weaklings who will be no good, a set of bureaucrats who will fatten on what will sooner or later become slave labor—and slave labor never produced any progress—and an eventual breakdown of the entire system for all, because there is nothing in all history to show that a few at the top will make the progress for all which all can make for themselves if given a free rein. Shall we stand?—or be supported?

Citizens in a free, self-governing nation have duties toward the Government. The Government also has its duties

toward them. Its fundamental duty, as I see it, is to protect them, to increase their strength of purpose, their individual initiative, their individual prosperity, to make them citizens and not puerile wards—in a word to make a nation of *men*.

We ought to get back to the words of Jefferson, in their broadest implications, and also to recall the saying of Jefferson's father, which the boy, and later man, often recalled: "Never let anyone do for you what you can do for yourself." I wish that someone might propose that toast at one of the \$100-a-plate Jefferson dinners!

George Washington once wisely said that "Government is not influence." It might be well if we could also learn, what even one of the N. R. P. Board said one day, as he left the White House: "We have decided we are not God."

## JACKPOT GUERRILLAS

(Continued from page 11)

On the night of April 9th at 8:45 o'clock, things began to happen. No fewer than 100 Chinese began a fake street brawl just at the entrance to the prison. The din was terrific and scores of guards rushed to the scene, but seemed to be amused by the sight of dozens of coolies fighting among themselves.

Meanwhile, in the Chang cell, the guerrilla leader mounted to the shoulder of the two willing Chinese prisoners, forced an opening through the loose boards and managed to gain the prison yard. He came upon a large jail broom, seized it and industriously began sweeping, edging toward the iron gates. When the sentry was looking elsewhere, Chang climbed over the gates and gained admittance to the prison yard proper. Again he utilized his broom until he had gained the side of a large truck, standing near the eight-foot prison wall. The yard guards were intent on the coolie fight and did not detect the guerrilla chief as he climbed to the top of the truck and over the wall. He dropped to the street where friends were loitering in anticipation. He was quickly provided with shoes and a warm coat and melted into the alleys of crowded Hongkew, in which the prison is located. Three hours later he was on the outskirts of Shanghai and had joined his band.

That same night Chang avenged himself. And under the noses of the Japs.

On Great Western Road, on the outskirts of the city, is the former Columbia Country Club, which prior to the war had been a club for prominently social Americans, but which later became a Jap military headquarters.

More than 300 Jap officers and men were in the structure at 1 A.M. on April 10th when Chang's guerrillas slunk through the darkness and within the shadows of the building. Chang personally guided them.

The high explosive charge which wrecked the building killed nearly all of the Japs within, while many of those who escaped death were shot down by the riflemen of the Chang band as they ran from the burning building.

Chinese and foreign newspapers hastily

sent photographers and newsmen to the scene but the Jap military issued instructions preventing publication of photographs or news of the disaster.

Near Woosung, which is 14 miles from Shanghai, at the junction of the Whangpoo and Yangtze rivers, is located a concentration camp holding more than 1,200 American marines and civilians, captured at Wake Island and in the Pacific area. The Japs have a strong guard there but almost every night the elusive guerrillas exact a heavy toll. The guerrillas,



"John is with the R. A. F.—Jane's with the WAAC—  
Franklin with the A. E. F. and Philip's with the A. & P."

seemingly peaceful farmers or laborers by day, arm themselves by night and under the cover of darkness, crawl to within rifle shot of the camp. Jap sentries passing a light within the camp are unerringly picked off by the Chinese marksmen.

This has so infuriated the Japs that on several occasions they have raided nearby villages, rounded up all able-bodied men and shot them down in cold blood, without benefit of any kind of trial. But the guerrillas have not been daunted, despite the fact that many of their friends and members of their families have lost their lives.

The Japs, too, often round up innocent farmers and torture them, the idea being to force them to confess to being guerrillas, or to reveal information concerning guerrilla activities.

Daring bands of guerrillas have been known to actually enter the Western district of Shanghai and to seize and burn Jap or Wang Ching-wei police stations and small fortifications along Great Western, Bubbling Well and Edinburgh Roads, invariably escaping into the country before Jap reinforcements could reach the scene.

The guerrillas, too, have struck at the Japs and Wang Ching-wei men in the very heart of Shanghai. On a single night groups of guerrillas in various disguises bombed such large and crowded ballrooms as the Metropole, Lido, Paramount and Paradise, all frequented by Jap naval and military officers, and by traitorous Chinese identified with the Wang Ching-wei regime.

The motor road to Nanking, one-time capital of China, from Shanghai has been the graveyard of countless Japs, killed by bold guerrillas, who have attacked trucks, armored cars, ammunition trains and infantry units. Their tactics are similar to those employed by the Minute Men of our Revolutionary War.

The Japs have long been puzzled as to how the guerrillas manage to smuggle their arms and ammunition out of Shanghai. The Japs suspect that boats, such as junks and large sampans on Soochow Creek, are utilized, but it is virtually impossible for the Japs to halt and search all of these vessels.

The fact remains that the guerrillas do use the junks and sampans, but they also have other and far more ingenious methods, which I elect not to disclose.

Wang Ching-wei, China's No. 1 traitor, has thousands of soldiers, all Chinese, but the greater part of them actually are not in sympathy with Wang and his puppet government, the result being that many of the men, and high officers too, for that matter, fraternize with and secretly aid the guerrillas. Almost every time the Japs plan a round-up of country irregulars, the latter have advance information and flee to safety. The guerrillas have rendered invaluable aid to



## NEED A LAXATIVE?

### TRY THIS HEALTH DRINK INSTEAD

Juice of 1 lemon in glass of water first thing on arising

Has a natural laxative effect for most people, and it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!

Here's a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

**Most people find** that the juice of one lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising*, is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—gently. And lemon and water is good for you.

**Lemons Build Health!** Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*) and

supply valuable amounts of B<sub>1</sub>. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions not troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a *health builder*.

**Why not keep regular** with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, first thing on arising—see if you don't benefit!

**P.S.—LEMON & SODA** : Some prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as foaming quenches.



Keep regular the Healthful way!

## LEMON and WATER ...first thing on arising

"Today at the Duncans"—CBS, 6:15 P. M., E. T.—Fridays

## Men, Women! Old? Get New Pep, Vim Feel Years Younger

Don't blame exhausted, worn-out, run-down feeling on your age. Thousands amazed at what a little peppling up with Ostrex will do. Contains general nutrients often needed by body lacking Vitamin B, iron, calcium phosphate. Get Ostrex Tonic Tablets. Trial size 35¢. Or **SAVE MONEY**—get regular \$1, size (4 times as many tablets). Also ask about special, big, money-saving "Economy" size. Don't be old. Start feeling peppy, younger, today. For sale at all drug stores everywhere.

many Americans and other foreigners who have escaped from Shanghai and made the long overland trek to Chungking. They have guided and fed these friends of China, and often furnished them with transportation.

Take the case of James Albert Spears,

## 730 SHAVES FROM 1 BLADE

### AMAZING NEW BLADE SHARPENER

New sharpener for all makes of double-edge razor blades performs miracles! "Not necessary to change blades," writes one user. Another says,

"Having used 1 blade over 730 times." RAZOROLL  blade sharpener is simple to operate, leather gives keen, smooth shaving edge. No guess-work. Blade held at correct angle and proper pressure—automatically. Just turn crank to sharpen blade. No gears. Well made. Has smooth, sturdy, Weighs few ounces. Will last years. Makes ideal gift.

**SEND NO MONEY!** Write today. Pay postage only \$1 plus few cents postage. Use RAZOROLL for 5 days and if you're not delighted with velvet shaves you get, return RAZOROLL and we'll return your dollar. Hurry—order today. **RAZOROLL COMPANY**  
620 North Michigan Avenue, Dept. 635 Chicago, Illinois

of Crowley, Louisiana, who escaped from the Woosung prison camp on May 17, 1942. He passed through Shanghai, but on the outskirts of that city was captured by a unit of Jap infantry. Spears is a newspaperman. Word of his plight reached the guerrillas through a Wang

# TO EASE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES

Try the "Old Reliable"

For over 50 years, good old medicated Sayman Salve has been helping suffering people ease the painful soreness of simple piles. Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, Sayman Salve helps to soothe, cool and protect tender, irritated membranes, soften hardened parts, lubricate dry tissue. Acts as a comforting and palliative agent. Only 25c. All druggists. Ask for

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**WE MATCH PANTS**  
To Any Suit!  
Double the life of your  
coat and vest with correctly  
matched pants, 100,000 patterns.  
Every pair hand tailored to your measure.  
Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before  
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of cloth or vest today.  
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Thousands relieved from pain walk  
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ARCH SUPPORTS  
Write for free  
Booklet  
"FOOT  
FACTS"

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### "SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS"

Twelve gifts for every service man you know! For only 75¢ you can send The American Legion Magazine for a full year to the *Legionnaire of Tomorrow*. Here's "something" to lengthen his hours of pleasure, to strengthen the bonds of common interest between your generation and his. Send your magazine to every service man you know.

Get order blanks from the January issue, page 32, or your Post Commander, and send in your orders now! A personal gift card is sent out with each subscription.

Subscriptions may be sent to service men anywhere in this country. To ship the magazine to a man overseas, we must have his formal request with authorized permission of his commanding officer.

### Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FAS-TEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FAS-TEETH at any drug store.

### don't WORRY ABOUT RUPTURE

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan and proof of results. Correspondence confidential. BROOKS COMPANY 105-D State St., Marshall, Mich.

Ching-wei captain. On May 18th, as the Japs were returning their prisoner to Shanghai, the unit was attacked in broad daylight by Chang's courageous irregulars, who killed many of the Japs and took their prisoner from them. Spears reached Chungking weeks later, aided all the way by friendly guerrillas.

On May 5, 1942, Chinese laborers and artisans were rounded up by force in Shanghai and transported to a large plot of land on Avenue Haig, which once was the site of one of the most famous cabarets in the world, the old Del Monte, which was owned and operated by an American, T. R. Hyde, now residing at 2439 Iowa Avenue, Fresno, California. Hyde is a veteran of World War I and a Past Commander of General Frederick Townsend Ward Post of the Legion at Shanghai.

The Chinese were furnished with material and orders to erect two large buildings, to house the Jap soldiers then billeted in tents and temporary small buildings on the land. The Chinese workers hastily put up one structure, smuggled in dynamite and blew up the building, killing scores of Japs. In the resultant confusion almost all of the workers escaped.

Early in April of 1942, four United States Marines who had been captured at Tientsin and imprisoned at Woosung, escaped from the prison camp. Thousands of Jap soldiers searched the countryside for them and undoubtedly they would have been re-captured had it not been for the aid of guerrillas, who hid them by day and guided them by night. The Marines were doing all right and were headed for Chungking and the safety of Free China, when they met up with a group of American and British civilians who had escaped from Shanghai.

The two parties joined forces and had been promised military transportation to Chungking by a guerrilla chieftain, but unfortunately, some of the civilians were guilty of the error of sending messages back to Shanghai friends through Chinese messengers.

One of these messages was intercepted and the messenger forced to reveal the hiding place of the escapees. Japs surrounded a farmhouse where they were hiding and made prisoners of all. The Jap force was too strong for a guerrilla attack but the elusive marksmen killed seven of the soldiers before the prisoners were returned to Shanghai.

The night of June 3, 1942 was a sorry one for the Jap military in China. A guerrilla round-up was planned and hundreds of soldiers gathered in the compound of the Jap police station on Great Western Road, not far from the famous Farren's ballroom. Shortly after 9 P.M. a huge truck, driven by a Chinese irregular, stopped opposite the police station, attracting little or no attention.

Suddenly the vehicle began to move in the direction of the station, but the driver nimbly leaped from his seat and disappeared. Seconds later the truck, heavily laden with explosives, crashed into the station front. In the terrific explosion following, more than 100 Japs met sudden death, while hundreds more were injured, many fatally.

Traitorous Chinese who have gone over to the Jap or Wang Ching-wei side and who live in Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, or any of the large cities of Occupied China, dread the hand of the guerrillas, for scores of such persons, many of them holding high offices, have been boldly kidnaped and turned over to the Chungking Government authorities for trial.





"Look! The catcher's putting his shin-a-ma-rooshes on!"

## A TON OF PREVENTION

(Continued from page 29)

establish communication with him, his address is Box 545, Route 4, Toledo, Ohio. The Adjutant reports:

"In looking through my album of wartime pictures, some of which I bought from the camp photographer at Verneuil and others which I took myself while on furloughs, I came across some pictures which, because of the approach of Memorial Day, I thought you might like to show to our fellow Legionnaires through Then and Now.

"One of the pictures shows the military burial of Private George Trego of Toledo, Ohio. The funeral cortege was led by a band composed of musicians of our own camp, Units 301, 302 and 303, Motor Transport Corps. Officers and friends and buddies attended. The firing squad was from an Infantry Detachment stationed at the camp to guard German prisoners of war.

"The other picture gives a general view of the little cemetery which was located on a hill near the town, overlooking the Loire River and the shops in which we worked. At the time we left Verneuil the latter part of May, 1919, there were twenty-nine American soldiers and three German prisoners buried there. Men who served overseas will no doubt recall the ornate wire and bead wreaths which decorate the crosses.

"At the time of Comrade Trego's burial I was stationed at the Motor Transport Reconstruction Park, A. P. O. 772, Verneuil, Nièvre, France, about thirty-five kilos from Nevers. Repair Units 301, 302 and 303 and some Tank Corps casualties were there and worked at their own trades in the huge shops that we constructed. The repair units were enlisted for this purpose and were originally in the Quartermaster Corps, until the Motor Transport Corps was organ-

ized. Recruited from industrial centers all over the country and mobilized in Camp Meigs, Washington, D. C., each Unit left the United States separately, took different routes overseas, but finally got together again at Verneuil.

"Although we were told when we enlisted that the shops were all ready for us and all we had to do was sign up, be sent over and walk into the shops to do our work, it developed the Army had difficulty in getting a building site near Paris, so when we arrived, we had to be sent to Verneuil and be satisfied there. The material, all shipped from home, was lying on the ground waiting to be assembled. Most of us, with no knowledge of building construction, certainly learned plenty in a short time. Bookkeepers, stenographers, barbers, etc., were all busy pushing wheelbarrows, carrying lumber and bricks, mixing concrete and doing many other jobs strange to them. Finally, several months before the Armistice, we got to work in the shops.

"After the Armistice, our work was mostly cleaning up. Salvaged cars and trucks still kept coming in from all parts of France, and all cars and trucks more than 25 percent damaged were turned into scrap iron. We had about 3,000 German prisoners with us, working right alongside wherever they were best fitted. They were somewhat guarded, but guards were not necessary as they were glad to be American prisoners.

"The value of our shops and equipment, including automobile parts, was reported to have been \$60,000,000. Included in that amount were thousands of truck tires—and with the present rubber shortage and rationing of tires, I thought two other snaps might be timely: One showing a mountain of salvaged tires—compare the size of the heap with the soldiers in the snap—and plenty of

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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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## THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT February 28, 1943

#### Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 613,493.94
Accounts Receivable .....	87,343.70
Inventories .....	172,487.61
Invested funds .....	2,883,144.54
Permanent Investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	220,009.45
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation .....	123,505.61
Fixtures, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation .....	43,365.89
Deferred charges .....	27,020.52
	\$4,170,371.27

#### Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities .....	\$ 93,124.64
Funds restricted as to use. . . . .	44,145.52
Deferred revenue .....	578,078.88
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	220,009.46
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital...\$2,849,564.09	
Unrestricted capital...385,448.68	\$3,235,012.77
	\$4,170,371.27

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant



## TRY ASTHMADOR

The medicated smoke of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR aids in reducing the severity of asthmatic paroxysms—helps you breathe more easily. ASTHMADOR is economical, dependably uniform—its quality insured through rigid laboratory control. Try ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample.

**R. SCHIFFMANN CO.**  
LOS ANGELES, CAL., DEPT. P-19



"Now that my Willie's in the Army, General, where can I get those pretty ribbons for his uniform?"

them could have been repaired with the facilities we had for such work. But there was no shortage then. In the other snap are shown hundreds of brand-new tires, but there were plenty of misfits in this collection—tires that would not fit any truck in France. As shown, these new tires were poorly protected from the weather.

"We also had tons of auto parts around our Park, many wooden cases of which stood in deep water—and that water wasn't due to any flood, either, as it was just ordinary French 'damp' weather.

"I enlisted in Toledo, Ohio, November 24, 1917, went to Camp Meigs and was assigned to M. R. S. 301, Q. M. C., which later became R. U. 301, Motor Transport Corps. We sailed from New York January 4, 1918 on the good ship *Mercury*, reaching St. Nazaire, France, on January 17th. I remember we almost crashed into the *America*, when we 'put up' for the night off of France waiting for our destroyer escort to come out and lead us into port.

"As I reported, we left for home the latter part of May, 1919, and I've wondered what has become of the old comrades. Hope that some of the Verneuil vets will do a front-and-center and write to me."

ANOTHER reminder of our approaching Memorial Day comes in the form of two pictures of what evidently was a Memorial Day observance in the A. E. F., perhaps in 1919, as the dates on some of the crosses are in June and

July, 1918. The two prints, originally on postcards, were received from Richard Patler of Warren Royer Post of the Legion in Souderton, Pennsylvania, where Comrade Patler owns Patler's Log Cabin Inn. The pictures are of particular interest because Patler reports he found them and will be glad to send copies to men who attended the services or to relatives of the men whose grave-markers are shown. We will let Patler tell his story:

"Enclosed find two pictures of a Memorial Day service—at least it appears to be that from the fresh American flags on the graves—held at Montrichard, France. After being in a hospital I was sent to Montrichard which was a replacement camp, as I remember. I believe these pictures may have belonged to a Y. M. C. A. secretary at Montrichard as I found them on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. hut near the door of the secretary's office.

"I can remember the officer and the men standing behind the graves. They belonged to a Headquarters Company and I think most of them were from out West.

"The mess hall for the men in Montrichard was in the center of the town and we were billeted in the homes of French families. I was there only a short time and was then transferred to Colonel Amery's staff at Souzy.

"If by chance any of the men should see the pictures and want copies, I'll be glad to send a copy to each of them. The names on the crosses are quite plain and I would like to send copies also to the

relatives of our deceased buddies. I put these pictures away twenty years ago, forgot about them and then came across them a few months ago.

"After enlisting in Boston for our World War, I helped organize the 307th Field Remount Squadron at Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, and went overseas as 1st sergeant of the outfit. At Sells-sur-Cher I went from my outfit to the hospital, then to St. Aignan, and was sent to Montrichard, where I found the pictures. Following the Armistice, I went to Nevers and Paris to sell some of our army horses. Thence to Marseille to embark for home as top-cutter of a Casual Company."

Veterans of the 41st (Sunset) Division should have a particular interest in these pictures, as some of the graves shown are of men of the 162d and 163d Infantry Regiments of that Division, composed of National Guard troops of Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington and Wyoming.

It appears that the pictures are two shots of almost the same group of graves, and with the aid of a magnifying glass, we were able to decipher these inscriptions:

PVT. CARL EMIL NELSON, Med. Det 163d Inf.—Died June 27, 1918. PVT. GUSTEIN BORGFORD, Co. B, 162 Inf.—Died June 30, 1918. PVT. FRANCISCO V— (the rest of the surname does not appear), Co. D, 163d. . . . DEAN B. FRY (there may be more to the surname)—Died July 3, 1918. JAMES KOLAR.

While, as reported, the honored dead apparently had been members of the 41st Division, it does not mean necessarily that units of that Division were still stationed at Montrichard when the services were held. This department would like to know more about the ceremonies and trusts that some of the men shown in the picture will write to The Company Clerk.

THE interest of our veterans in outfit organizations has not abated, notwithstanding the fact that transportation restrictions due to the war effort have cancelled most reunions for the duration. On the contrary most vets organizations are making special efforts to build up rosters so that record attendance may be the order of the day when reunions can be resumed.

Details of the following reunions and other activities may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

4TH DIV. ASSOC., N. Y.-N. J. CHAP.—Annual Easter reunion, memorial services, and dinner, commemorating sailing of 4th Div. for A. E. F., at Tough Club, 243 W. 14th St., New York City, Sat., May 15, 6 P. M. Ladies invited. Write Sgt. Jos. E. Taylor, Induction Center, Grand Central Palace, New York City.

89TH DIV. SOC.—For membership and news of proposed reunion, Denver, Colo., in Aug., write to Burton A. Smead, pres., 1831 S. Downing St., Denver, or E. W. Scott, secy-treas., 2735 S. Hancock St., Inglewood, Colo. Men serving with reactivated 89th Div. at Camp Carson, Colo., invited to write also.

89TH DIV. SOC., CALIF. SECTOR—89th vets in Calif. invited to join. Regular dinner meeting third Wed. each month at Cabrillo Hotel, Los Angeles, 6:30 P. M. Soldiers of present 89th Div. visiting Los Angeles, are invited to attend. Gordon Murray, comdr., or Joe T. Woods, adjt., 5601 Harcourt Av., Los Angeles.

314TH INF. VETS., AEF—25th anniversary reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24-26. Geo. E. Hentschel, secy., 1845 Champlost Av., Philadelphia.

307TH INF., CO. H—25th anniversary dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Sat., May 1. Bill Benjamin, 215 Fourth Av., N. Y. C.

308TH INF., CO. K—Reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City, Sat., May 1. Simon Reiss, 200 Haven Av., N. Y. C.

56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—12th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 7-8. James S. Davenport, secy-treas., Columbia, N. C.

VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—14th annual reunion, Aurora, Ill., June 18-20. Write A. E. Ward, temp. secy., 6147 V. Patterson Av., Chicago, Ill.

11TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC., INC.—27th annual spring dinner and election of officers, Times Square Hotel, 43d St., 8th Av., New York City, May 8th. Subscription \$1.35. Dinner, 8:30 P. M. Morris Baratz, secy., Hotel Times Square, 43d St. & 8th Av., New York City.

CO. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH. REGT., AEF—4th reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 23. Write C. R. Summers, co. clk., 3258 Glenview St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CO. A, 314TH AMM. TR., 89TH DIV.—Annual reunion June 6th, Antelope Park, Lincoln, Nebraska. Joseph Jenny, secy., Malmö, Nebr.

NATL. OTRANTO-KASHMIR ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Muscatine, Iowa, Oct. 3. A. H. Telford, secy., Galesburg, Ill.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk



R. C. Iddings  
President

Although our entire output is going to the Armed Forces, War Production Plants, and Other Concerns and Institutions classed as essential to the war effort, we are prepared for Victory and the day we again can serve civilian needs. At that time our increased manufacturing facilities will enable us to offer an enlarged and improved line of Fyr-Fyter Extinguishers.

We will have hundreds of profitable openings for ambitious men to act as Fyr-Fyter distributors. Clip this article and save it.

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# MEMORIAL DAY THOUGHTS

## THE EDITORIAL VIEWPOINT

**A**S THE nation prepares to celebrate its second successive wartime Memorial Day it is fitting that we Americans take stock of the situation in which we find ourselves, take stock of what we must be prepared to go through with for victory over our enemies, and of what problems peace will bring in its wake.

No American doubts now that the way to victory will be long and hard. Nobody doubts that we shall conquer only after tens of thousands of the flower of our manhood have made the supreme sacrifice, or that hundreds of thousands of their comrades will come out of the war with broken bodies; that our national economy will have been dealt a tremendous blow through the expenditure of a vast treasure. All this was in the cards as soon as Hitler defeated France and its neighbors and made it apparent that Britain could not take the offensive against him without the aid of the United States. Civilization owes President Roosevelt much for being hard-headed and clear-sighted in the dark days after Dunkirk, when despite opposition within and without Congress he laid the foundations for

the sea, land and air striking-force which we now have in the field. Had Britain fallen we might have found ourselves in as desperate plight as that of the Russians in 1941, when the Nazi hordes were halted some fifty miles from Moscow.

The United Nations in this spring of 1943 are definitely on the offensive, and will continue to carry the fighting to the enemy

from now on out. Let those who in the peace years from 1919 to Pearl Harbor sneered at the 1917-'18 veterans, let them remember that even as in that war the men in uniform now are saving the skins of the rest of us. And this in the face of the fact that none of them, from buck private and apprentice seaman up through General Marshall and Admiral King, had any say in the decisions then taken.

The American Legion will not allow the fact of this great sacrifice to be forgotten in the days after this war, no matter how much certain elements of our national life seek to belittle the returning veterans. If we know soldier psychology our men returning to civil life would like any post-war planning by their friends at home to produce these concrete things: 1, jobs; 2, a continuance of the sort of constitutional democracy they have known, with opportunity for economic advancement depending on the capabilities of the individual; 3, insurance against this nation's being forced to go to war while a survivor of this Second World War lives.

These are things it is right that Americans remember on Memorial Day.

## A Greeting to the Legion

By Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden  
British Foreign Secretary

**G**OOD wishes and good luck to The American Legion. I am glad of the opportunity of paying a tribute to the U. S. soldiers of the 1914-18 war of whose gallantry I have very vivid recollections.

The same splendid fighting qualities by the American soldiers of this war have been exemplified in such heroic actions as Bataan, Guadalcanal and New Guinea.

I am happy to think that the comradeship in arms of American and British troops is now being renewed in North Africa under the command of General Eisenhower.

We have a hard job still ahead of us. The road is uphill all the way.

But, shoulder to shoulder, we are marching to final victory.

As a soldier of the last war, I think I know something of the feelings of the fighting men. Our deepest resolve is to see to it that after this war is won, we shall build a world in which all men can live together in peace. The aggressor must never have such a chance again.

*Mr. Eden, in this country for some weeks this spring for conversations on war policy with the President and Secretary of State Hull, has had a distinguished military and civil career. He was a second lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifles at the age of 17, in the first year of the First World War. Before the war ended he had become a staff major, having been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in action. Two of his brothers lost their lives in that war. In 1937 he was the principal speaker at a luncheon in Westminster Hall in London for the members of the Commander's Tour of the Legion headed by Daniel J. Doherty, at the close of the Foreign Pilgrimage.*

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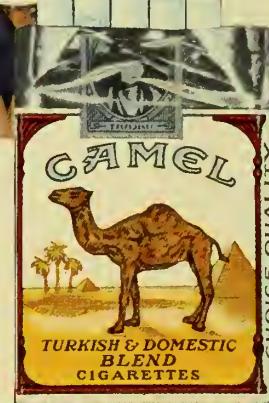
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• "Company D to Battalion HQ—tanks maneuvering half a mile ahead!" That's a sample of what you'd hear if you listened in on this "Walkie-Talkie" signalman in action at his portable 2-way radio at the left. Listen in on him in one of his off-duty moments (below) and you'll get a pretty good idea why Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Marines...and in the Army, the Navy, and the Coast Guard, too.

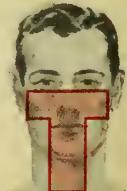


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